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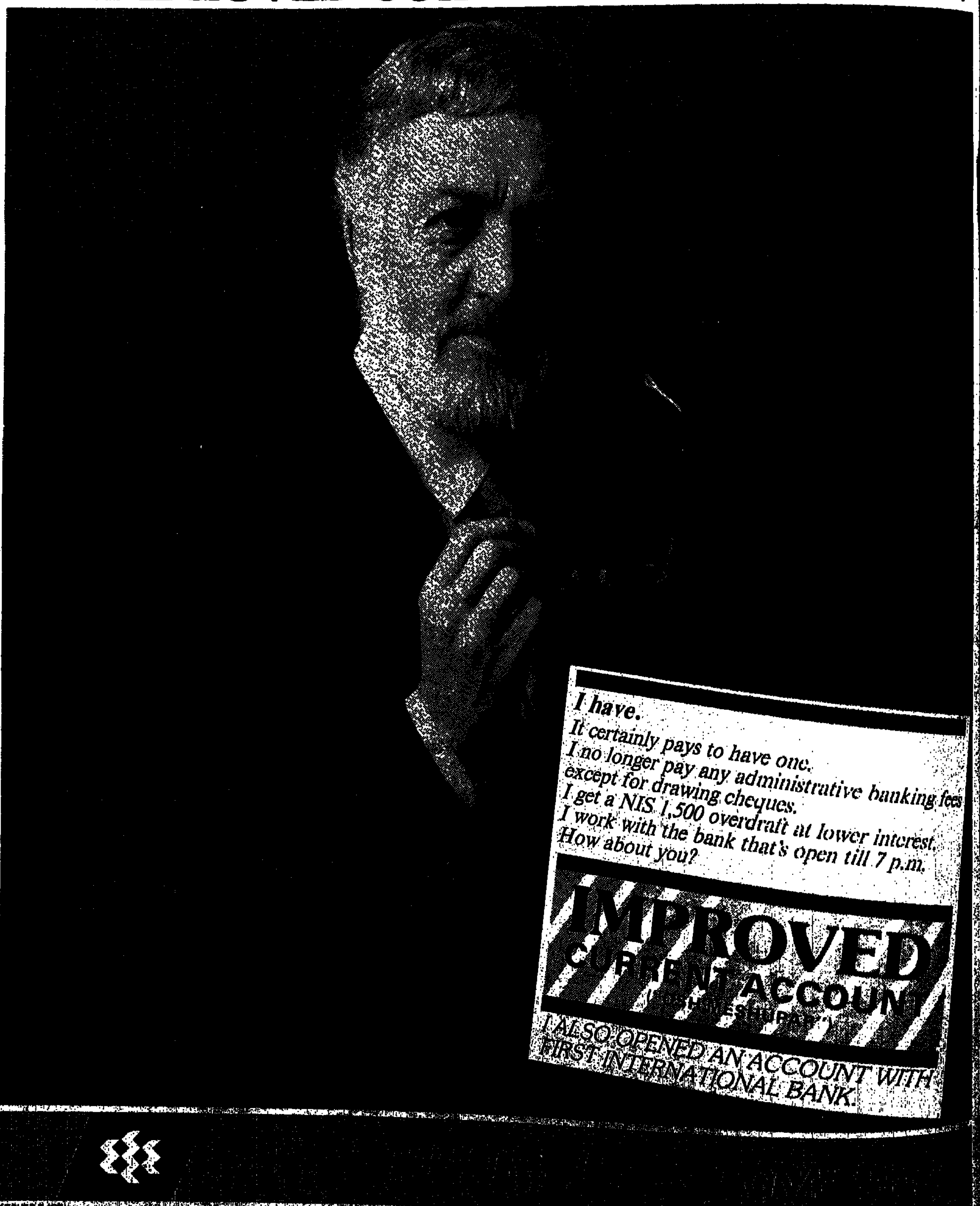

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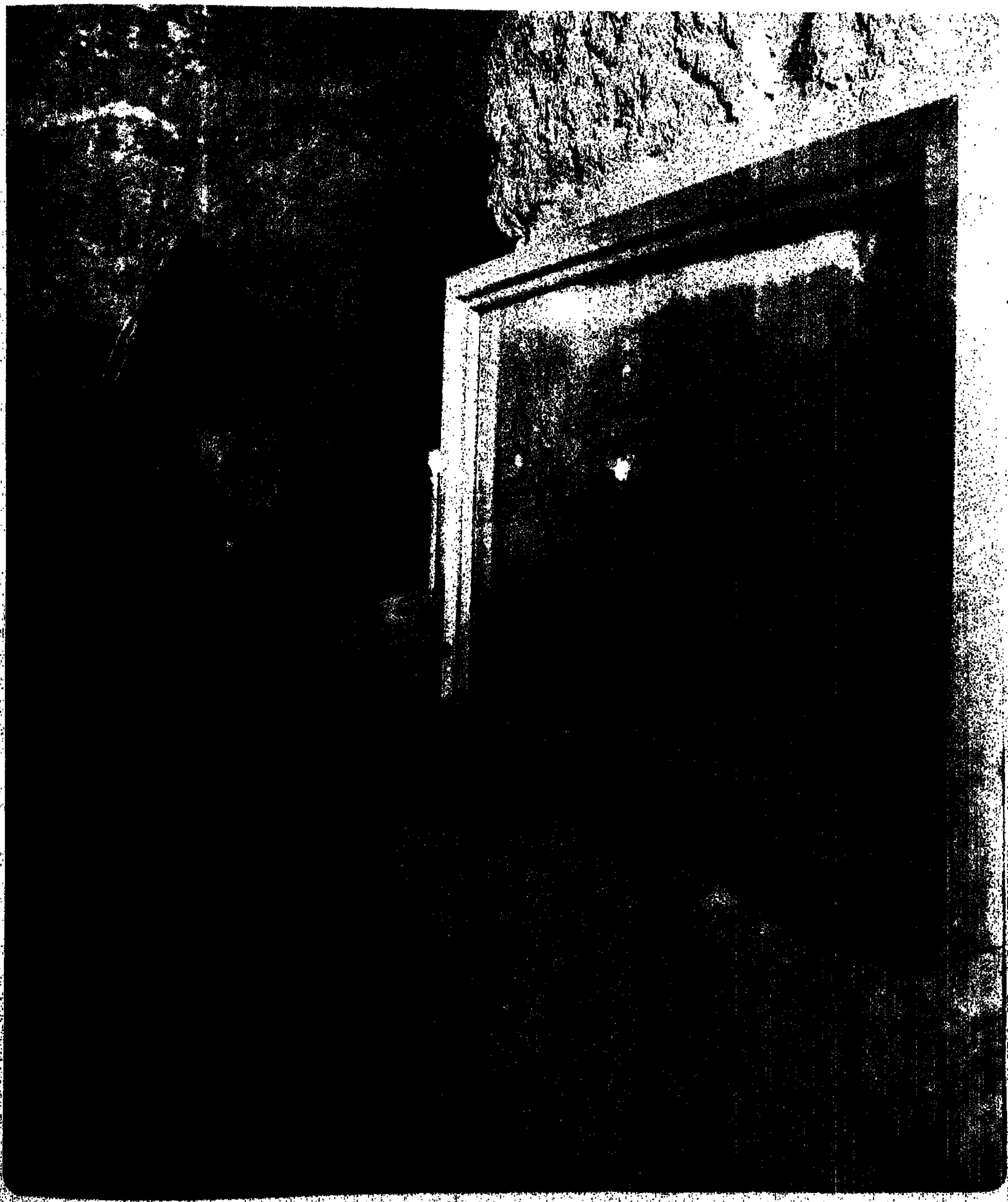

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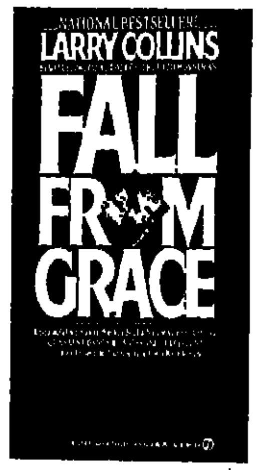

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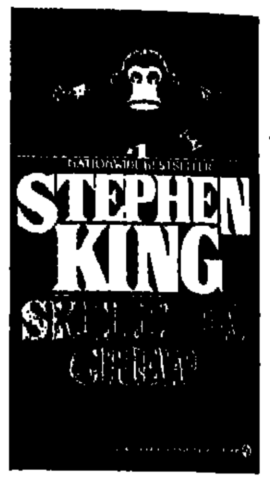

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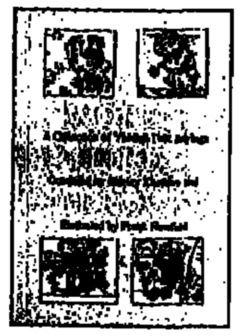

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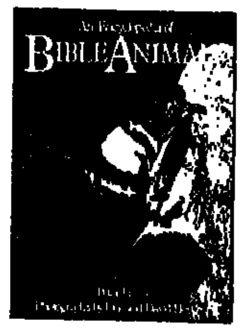

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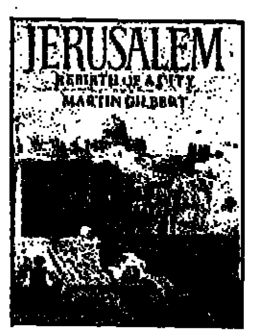

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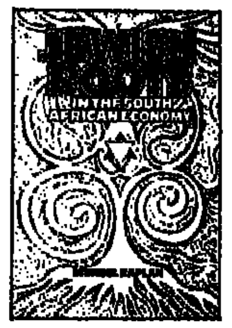

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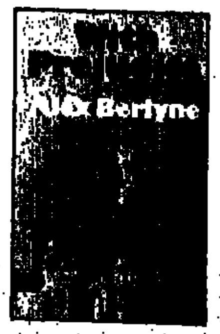

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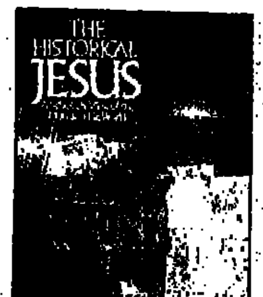

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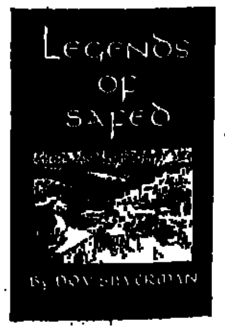

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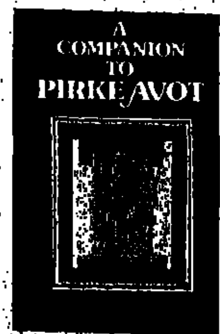

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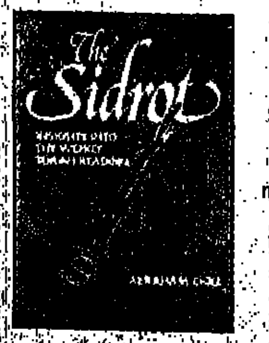

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In this issue

4 **An American view**
Wolf Blitzer

6 **The Third Way**
Edward Grossman

8 **The writing on the wall**
Abraham Rabinovich

10 **Outside the gates**
Richard Penniman

12 **Book Reviews**

Storm over an ancient boat: Abraham Rabinovich describes a scholarly dispute. See page 8. Cover photo by Richard Nowitz.

15 **The Fifth Column**
Matt Nesvisky

In the pullout

A **Death of a Legend**
Meir Ronnen

C **Dance**
Dora Sowden

D **Matters of Taste**
Haim Shapiro

E **Bridge**
Hanan Sher

F **Scrabble**
Sam Orbaum

G **TV and Radio Guide**

H **Cinema**
Dan Fainaru

K **Crosswords**
Nature
D'vora Ben Shaul

L **TV & Radio Highlights**
Greer Fay Cashman

M **The Art Scene**
Meir Ronnen

O **Film Briefs**
Dan Fainaru

P **The Poster**

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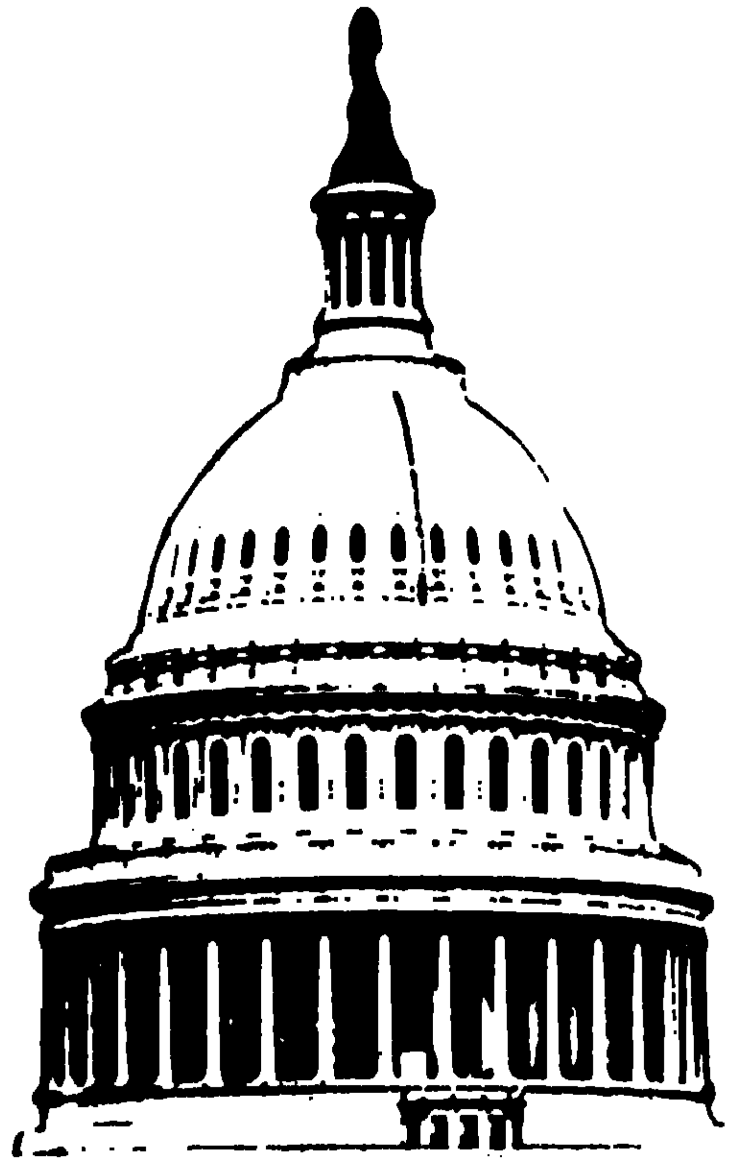
AMERICAN VIEW

While Israel is currently buzzing over the hoped-for breakthrough in relations with its neighbours, the U.S. has a cooler view, Wolf Blitzer reports.



FOR THE Reagan administration, the Arab-Israeli conflict is by no means the most burning issue on Washington's foreign policy agenda. There are other priorities, including relations with the Soviet Union, the mounting crisis in South Africa, and tension in Latin America. In addition, there are the many domestic issues, especially the economy, tax reform and illegal drugs, which continue to dominate the thinking of President Ronald Reagan and his top White House advisers.

Clearly, these officials cannot focus on too many critical issues at the same time. And because the situation in the Middle East has not been viewed by the Americans either as all that alarming right now or as very propitious for some sort of diplomatic settlement, they have relegated it to the second tier of priorities.

Yes, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs Richard Murphy currently engaged in yet another bout of Mideast shuttle diplomacy – spends all of his time worrying about Israel and its Arab and Islamic neighbours. That is his job. But Murphy's boss, Secretary of State George Shultz, is not concerned only about the Middle East. He has a whole world to worry about. And since 1983, Shultz has spent less and less of his time on the Middle East.

In part, this stemmed from the debacle in Lebanon. Shultz had travelled to the Middle East to achieve the 1983 Israeli-Lebanese security agreement. But that accord was quickly derailed by the Syrians and their allies in Lebanon. The secretary was embarrassed in the process. Earlier, Shultz and Reagan had invested a great deal of their own prestige in putting forward their September 1, 1982 Arab-Israeli peace initiative. And that never got very far off the ground either.

DURING THE first two years of the national unity government in Jerusalem, the U.S. has adopted a relatively low-level public posture in trying to get the broader peace process moving again. Murphy, the ranking Middle Eastern specialist at the State Department, did most of the actual diplomatic spadework. Other more senior officials would occasionally also get involved, but usually only to "put out fires," in the words of one White House insider.

Thus, when there were very serious tensions along the Israeli-Syrian frontier or when some sort of breakthrough involving the American hostages in Lebanon appeared possible, United Nations Ambassador Vernon Walters was dispatched to Damascus. Having little choice, top officials in the Reagan administration would also get involved when Arab and Israeli leaders came to Washington. But the type of personal, day-to-day diplomatic involvement promoted a few years earlier by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger or President Jimmy Carter was nowhere to be found.

Some American officials noted that the U.S. no longer had as important a stake in the Middle East, given the decline in the value of Arab oil. The region, while still very critical to the U.S., was not what it used to be. Moreover, a full-scale Arab-Israeli war, which could lead to a superpower confrontation, was not regarded as very likely. For the time being, Israel was widely viewed by U.S. analysts as militarily superior over any combination of Arab adversaries – and the Arabs and their Soviet backers knew it. This would help to prevent another war.

There was also a real sense in Washington that genuine progress in resolving the Arab-Israeli peace process was unlikely – if not virtually impossible. The differences between Israel and its Arab neighbours – and among the Arabs and Israelis themselves – were too great. Therefore, why knock yourself out over something so futile?

The alternative, according to U.S. officials, was simply to tread water. The goal these past few years was to avoid any serious deterioration in the status quo. In terms of domestic American politics, this also made the most sense to the Reagan political operatives. A more assertive American policy would tend to underline some of the long-standing differences between Washington and Jerusalem, while a more passive approach would conceal those points of potential friction. Why rub Israel's politically active supporters in Congress and the American Jewish community the wrong way, especially if the chances for success were not all that good?

Thus, there was a need to focus on the possible – such as maintaining the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty even if the strong normalization of relations once envisaged was out of the question. The administration also wanted to shore up bilateral American relationships with Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and other friendly states in the region.

As far as Israel was concerned, that approach resulted in very determined and eventually successful efforts to stabilize the Israeli economy. For many months, Shultz did indeed take a personal role in coming forward with all sorts of proposals and incentives aimed at curbing inflation and enacting basic economic reforms in Israel. In the process, Israel won a one-time $1.5 billion supplemental emergency economic grant. That money was very instrumental in helping Israel get its economic house in order.

BUT WHILE the administration did not take any high-profile initiatives in the Middle East these past few years, the region and its myriad of problems were still very much on the minds of senior officials. This was because there was always some crisis involving the Middle East which had to be attended to. Washington, in the process, was more reactive than innovative.

Terrorism was one such running crisis. This was a period of heightened interest in the subject because Americans and their institutions were often the targets. There were, for example, the TWA airliner hijacking to Beirut and the Achille Lauro affair. Both had serious ramifications for U.S. relations with Arab states. Ties with Egypt were strained for many months because of the U.S. decision to force down in Italy an Egyptian airliner carrying the Achille Lauro hijackers to freedom. Egypt, which had been caught lying about the fate of the hijackers, was humiliated. It was only the most recent U.S.-Egyptian joint maneuvers off the Libyan coast that symbolically patched up the relationship between Washington and Cairo. But there are still some hard feelings in both capitals.

There were other matters which distracted the Americans from the broader Arab-Israeli peace process. One very painful incident, of course, was the Pollard spy scandal. The damage control operation from that mishap lasted several months – and even now is not totally resolved by any means. There are still lingering questions being raised by U.S. Justice Department investigators involving the exact role of Israeli Air Force Colonel Aviam Sella, who as a graduate student at New York University served as Pollard's first contact. And Israel is clearly upset over subsequent U.S. allegations of other espionage and arms smuggling operations, which Jerusalem claims are unfounded. This is not exactly the best environment in which the two countries can focus on peace.

THEORETICALLY, Reagan administration officials agree that perhaps the two-year tenure of Shimon Peres as prime minister could have been more aggressively exploited to get some sort of negotiations with Jordan underway. But in reality, they note, success was unlikely. Jerusalem was first preoccupied with its economic headaches and its unilateral withdrawal from Lebanon. At the same time, Israel seemed more concerned about its relationship with Egypt than the broader peace process. Israeli leaders – like their American counterparts – cannot focus on too many burning issues at the same time. And the badly divided national unity cabinet was not seen as capable of acting decisively on the ultra-sensitive question of the West Bank and Gaza.

"Look how long it has taken Israel and Egypt to come up with a Taba arbitration agreement," one American official said. "That should have been small potatoes."

Behind the scenes, the U.S. did try to score some sort of breakthrough on the Palestinian question. Murphy and other U.S. officials strongly encouraged Jordan's King Hussein to try to reach a genuine accommodation with PLO chief Yasser Arafat on the thorny question of Palestinian representation in negotiations with Israel. Hussein made a major effort, but in the end, he failed, largely because Arafat was unable to come forward to meet America's long-standing, minimal conditions for recognition – namely, the clear and unambiguous acceptance of UN Resolutions 242 and 338 and Israel's right to exist. Finally, last February, Hussein gave up once again.

BUT NOW, a new set of circumstances has resulted in some rethinking in Washington on the entire peace process. The administration is currently in the midst of a major reassessment of its policy towards the region. There is talk of some new, high-level American involvement in trying to strengthen Israeli-Egyptian relations now that the Taba border dispute appears to be on the verge of binding international arbitration. And the Americans are again considering the possibility of getting involved again in the peace process at a higher level. Vice President George Bush recently returned to Washington convinced that there are some new opportunities. He has been upbeat in assessing the commonality of interests expressed by Prime Minister Peres, King Hussein and President Hosni Mubarak. But the vice president is the first to admit that the U.S. simply cannot snap its fingers and see a solution fall into place.

Murphy: Back once again in the Mideast, in another bout of shuttle diplomacy. (Reuter)

As usual, there are conflicting opinions in Washington about what to do next. Some veteran Middle East specialists at the State Department are wary about the whole thing. Based on their often bitter experience, they do not believe that much progress is really possible. They accuse officials who advocate some major new U.S. initiative as being "hopelessly naive." But advocates of a more assertive U.S. approach counter by charging that the sceptics suffer from "terminal cynicism."

Shultz is listening to both sides. He is prepared to step up his own personal involvement but only if prospects for some tangible success are evident. He does not want to raise expectations unnecessarily.

The secretary of state has been strongly encouraged by Peres to get involved. He greatly admires Peres and wants to do whatever he can to strengthen the prime minister's political base in advance of next month's rotation agreement with Yitzhak Shamir. Shultz also agrees with Peres that the U.S. should try to do its utmost to create some sort of new "momentum" in the peace process which could continue after the rotation. But there are limits within which the secretary is prepared to operate.

Some American officials have confirmed that Peres and his closest associates are currently attempting – even at this last minute before the rotation – to achieve a breakthrough on the delicate matter of "authentic" Palestinian representation to any peace talks. Presumably, Peres is trying to nail down a more flexible Israeli position now – one that would bind Shamir later. But the prime minister believes that he needs Shultz's help. Whether the U.S. is ready to cooperate in that kind of a strategy is still unclear.

A friendly moment at the White House, with Reagan, Shultz and Peres. The U.S. has been adopting a low-level posture in trying to get the peace process moving. (Hanania Herman)

The key is clearly Shultz. Since replacing Alexander Haig in June 1982, Shultz has emerged as a great friend of Israel. There are many Israeli officials who believe that he has been the unsung hero of the remarkable Israeli economic recovery these past two years. It was Shultz, a trained economist, who rolled up his sleeves and got very much involved in proposing a package of necessary reforms.

But that does not mean that Shultz will now be prepared to do the same on the diplomatic front – despite the urgings of Peres. The secretary is too much of a realist. He has too many other important things to do than get involved personally in a hopeless peace process. He wants to know that there is some "give" in the Israeli, Egyptian and Jordanian positions, and that "authentic" Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza will step forward to join a peace process. So far, there are no such guarantees.

Shultz has repeatedly made the case that the U.S. cannot appear to want peace more than the parties themselves. Despite some positive recent developments – especially the meeting in Morocco between Peres and King Hassan and the Taba arbitration accord – the secretary is not yet convinced that the parties are ready to make the hard choices necessary to get the peace process moving again. And Shultz is too cautious and savvy to get burned in the Middle East again. □

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Search for the Third Way

Writer and editor Irving Howe talks to The Jerusalem Post's Edward Grossman in New York.

AMERICA is a strange and wonderful place. It can let a man spend 30 years writing essays, translating Yiddish stories and editing a socialist magazine, which had few readers and barely paid the rent, and then, overnight, make him comfortable if not rich with a best seller about the vanished world of his immigrant parents.

Thanks to the commercial success of *World of Our Fathers*, his elegiac, not-so-sentimental account of the sweatshop Jews, published 10 years ago, Irving Howe was able to move to the snazzier, safer side of Central Park. The book also made him, as he wrote in his autobiography, "famous for 15 minutes." Perhaps because his modest measure of money and fame came late in life, perhaps thanks to some strength of character acquired through early poverty, Howe's popular success doesn't seem to have gone to his head.

He was straightforward and serious as he answered my questions in his apartment last month, and as he stroked a fringe of white beard he seemed simultaneously bemused and grieved by what America had given him and what it had taken away from a generation of Jews like him.

Howe, 66, has published more than 30 books on literature, politics, culture and history. He taught English for many years at Brandeis, Stanford and Hunter. His wife, Ilana, is an Israeli, and he has two children from two previous marriages.

His autobiographical *Margin of Hope* is a fairly honest and occasionally moving report on, among other things, Howe's attempt to "reconquer" his Jewishness as "American socialism reached an impasse."

The son of Yiddish-speaking garment workers, Howe was a Trotskyite in his youth, and even after World War II – during which he was in the army in Alaska – he clung to a vision of socialism in the New World.

He made his first mark among New York Jewish intellectuals by writing for *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*. Soon, however, when he judged that they were celebrating America uncritically, he launched his own magazine, *Dissent*, which for three decades has been trying to keep the ideals of socialism, or at least social democracy, fresh and bright. But Howe admitted in his memoirs that *Dissent* is often boring.

Politically, culturally, Howe's search for a Third Way has left him lonely, has perhaps stranded him. He broke with the New Left when that movement degenerated into tantrums, and he is estranged from former friends and colleagues in the New York Jewish intellectual "family" who became "neo-conservatives" and who flay him for not learning all he should from his disillusion.

As for Jewishness, Howe has written that he, and others like him, long "avoided thinking about it." He was, he says, somewhat indifferent if not actually cool to Israel – yet he relished the victory of the IDF in 1967. Howe, the ex-Trotskyite, has edited an anthology defending Israel and Zionism against the left. And he is known as an American fan of Peace Now.

Q. IN *A Margin of Hope* you hardly mention any Zionists in your early years in the Bronx and at City College...

A. When I was a young socialist, we used to encounter the kids from Hashomer Hatzair who were politically very close to us. We had difficulties with them stylistically because we felt that they were, especially the girls, very puritanical. They wouldn't wear lipstick. They didn't want to read James Joyce. There was a certain narrowness about them. But many of them were also very smart kids, so we had ambivalent feelings about them. I don't recall ever encountering any of the ordinary Labour Zionist kids.

Q. Did any of these people actually go to Israel?

A. I don't know.

Q. I'll ask a crude question – were the Zionists right?

A. In the sense that they insisted that the Jews needed a homeland and this was a legitimate and important thing – in that basic sense the Zionists were right. There's no question about it. And I'm ready to say it 10 times a day. Most of them, not all, sadly underestimated the severity of the Arab problem, and in that sense there were serious deficiencies. But as against those Jews who denied the need for a homeland, the Zionists were absolutely right. I say that as someone who doesn't consider himself a Zionist because I don't think it makes any sense to call yourself a Zionist and live in America.

Q. How much is Israel a topic nowadays among Jewish intellectuals in the U.S.?

A. Less so than several years ago, because there is a feeling that things are stagnant, for better or worse. When the Begin government was in office, there was a sense of urgency, and those of us friendly to Peace Now felt that we had to raise money and support for the movement. Since the national unity government came in, the whole Israeli question has subsided, at least temporarily. There isn't much debate now among American Jews about the West Bank, about the problem of the Arabs, about those two camps – what were they, where the Palestinians were slaughtered?

Q. Sabra and Shatilla.

A. Yes, that question has subsided, as has the problem of Arik Sharon. It's not over with, but for the time being it's relatively quiet – it's a temporary phenomenon. Meanwhile, something more fundamental is happening.

Israel has begun to lose its glamour for the larger American Jewish community. There was always something unreal about the feeling of American Jews for Israel. It had something of the character of Disneyland for them. There had been so much bad news in Jewish life over the last several decades that they wanted to see Israel through rose-coloured glasses as a place of happiness, fulfilment and success. When they were told that Israel was a country like all others, that there were land disputes and corruption and political battles, they found it very distressing. They were especially distressed to hear it from American Jews, like the Friends of Peace Now. I have the impression that this unrealistic view of Israel is on the way out. The long-range trend among American Jews is to regard Israel with less intensity. Of course, heaven forbid, if Israel were in great danger this would change immediately. But as long as Israel continues to slog along with the usual problems, there is an increasing tendency to take it for granted.

Q. Soon Peres will rotate the premiership with Shamir. Will this make it more difficult for some people to...

A. That depends on what Shamir does. For example, if he announces a new policy of large-scale expansion of settlements in the West Bank, then I think there would again be a certain amount of activity on the part of the more liberal elements of the American Jewish community. But the tendency of the official community is to go along with the status quo – by and large, whatever the government of Israel does, it will support.

Q. Does this make you unhappy?

A. Yes, it does.

Q. Why?

A. Because all too often the policy of the Israeli government is not a very good one. And because it puts American Jews in the undignified and in some ways humiliating position of being knee-jerk supporters. The Israelis often have a not-so-secret contempt, a condescension, toward American Jews who allow themselves to be used, to be crudely manipulated this way as errand boys.

Q. So one of the reasons for publicly criticizing Israeli policy is to assert self-respect?

A. Yes. It's also to make clear that the American Jewish community, whatever its failings – and it has many – must exist independently, and will continue to survive for a long time.

Q. Politically, though, what good does such criticism do American Jews and those of us in Israel? When you sit here in New York and voice such criticism, do you ask yourself: "Is it good for the Jews?"

A. I do. And I believe that such criticism can be to the good, if it is put in a responsible and moderate way.

Q. AFTER a visit to Israel in 1983, you wrote a piece for *The New Republic* in which you said the occupation of the West Bank was "a moral shame" and that "something terrible is happening a bus ride away" – that is, a bus ride away from Jerusalem. How does it affect the atmosphere of discourse about Israel here when you write this? Doesn't it make it easier for Gore Vidal to call us Israelis, and by implication all Jews, a "predatory people"?

A. No, I would think it makes it harder. The enemies of Israel are going to say what they have to say in any case. Whereas we can make the case that the community of friends of Israel, the community of Jewish and non-Jewish intellectuals, too, is open, that it engages in serious discourse, that it allows for debate. Furthermore, if we kept quiet, then the issue of what is happening on the West Bank would be raised in a hostile and damaging, rather than constructive and friendly, way.

Q. When you write as you did in *The New Republic*, the reader infers that there is an alternative path for Israel to follow, if only...

A. Not necessarily. You could argue that there's no realistic alternative to the occupation, that you have to do certain bad things on behalf of overriding considerations of security. I don't think that's true. But it is possible to make that argument.

Q. You couldn't think it's true, could you? You couldn't think there was no alternative to the occupation and still pass those judgments in a constructive way, could you?

A. No. I could. I could say something deplorable is happening on the West Bank, but that on behalf of ends which are more consequential, these things have to be done. I just don't want people to say it's a good thing that's being done.

Q. Do you think the occupation for the time being is unavoidable?

A. I think there were occasions soon after '67 when the occupation might have been put to an end. Obviously, the longer it exists, the harder it is to end it and the more intractable the problem becomes. I'd favour roughly some version of the Shemtov formula – a readiness on Israel's part to negotiate with anyone willing to recognize the legitimacy of Israel. The Palestinian question is going to have to be raised.

Q. Is it up to Israel to take this first big step?

A. I'm not in the Israeli foreign office so I can't answer such a question of tactics. But I think it's necessary to indicate, publicly or secretly, a readiness to accept that there are two peoples in greater Palestine, that both have national aspirations and that it is desirable to find some way of satisfying both so long as the security of neither is violated. I know that's a simple formula which doesn't necessarily lead to successful results. But until that issue is faced, I don't think there's going to be peace.

Q. YOU and Vidal were both in Alaska during the war. He wrote his first novel there. Did you ever run across him?

A. I've never met him. I don't like his work and I've never met him.

Q. Is this dispute between him and Norman Podhoretz a personal thing, or does it stand for something larger?

A. There may be a personal element in it, but Vidal represents a kind of American nativism which goes back to Henry Adams and no doubt before. This is a feeling of resentment at the intrusion of immigrant communities or ethnic groups that violate the purity of American being. In expressing this nativism, Vidal picked on the Jewish issue, the Israeli issue, the so-called dual loyalty issue.

Q. I don't think I've ever seen the sort of language Vidal used in a respectable American magazine. Is this a new turning?

A. If something like this happened in the 1930s, one would not have been surprised, because then anti-Semitism could still be expressed openly, without scandal or shame.

After the war, anti-Semitism became unfashionable in this country. It was shoved into the corner, so to speak. Yet, there was still plenty of it, and sometimes it did peek out. For example, Truman Capote some years ago indulged himself in remarks about Jews controlling the media in New York. The thing about Vidal that was shocking and aroused a very strong and violent response was the explicitness, the venom, the vulgarity of his piece which I can't remember having encountered, certainly not in intellectual life, in the last couple of decades.

Q. What about behind the scenes? Did Vidal say out loud what was being whispered? This charge of dual loyalty, for instance...

A. Every couple of months I get a postcard from some crank in Brooklyn with this kind of stuff.

Q. Can we make a distinction between that and pseudo-respectable literary talk?

A. Yes. That's why I mentioned Capote. It's very hard to put one's finger on it, but there probably has been a little more gossip here, a whisper there, about the New York Jews taking things over, doing this, being noisy, etc.

Q. And specifically in connection with Israel?

A. Not that I recall.

Q. Do you think Israel has a certain responsibility in this respect toward American Jews, a responsibility to think twice...

A. No.

Q. For example, before hiring an American Jew to spy on the U.S. for Israel?

A. I don't think that's what bothered Vidal. He might have used that as an argument if he had remembered, but it isn't the cause of his feeling. What bothers him is that Podhoretz isn't interested in the American Civil War. For Vidal, that's a sign that we American Jewish intellectuals have not assimilated ourselves into the national mythology. We have to be as absorbed in the Battle of Chancellorsville as he is. He's asking for a monolithic outlook, a monolithic style. It's an anti-pluralist kind of thing.

Behind this is an idea with a long history, going back, as I said, to Henry Adams. The idea is that the Jews somehow contaminate the language, the sensibility, the purity of national life. Besides, there has always been a sort of "respectable" anti-Semitism in this country in some segments of the upper Wasp community. It's not the anti-Semitism of people who want to kill you. It's the anti-Semitism of people who just don't want you to come around to their club.

Vidal now links all this up with the Israeli thing, and identifies Podhoretz's conservative politics with Israel.

But the real problem, as far as I'm concerned, is not so much Vidal as Victor Navasky, the editor of *The Nation*, in which Vidal's piece was published. Navasky is a Jew who I know is a decent fellow. It's mystifying to me how he could have published such a piece. He afterwards claimed that Vidal was being ironic, but that's preposterous.

Q. Vidal put out a lot of smoke. But is there any fire there? Is there any truth to his assertion that Jewish organizations in this country are allying themselves with the far right?

A. The bulk of the American Jewish institutional community has moved to the right. But it has not become ideologically conservative. It does not support William Buckley's *The National Review* or Podhoretz's *Commentary*, which I'm told has lost circulation. What has happened is that Jewish liberalism has been conservatized. Liberalism covers a wide spectrum. You can go all the way from the sort of left-liberalism of Michael Harrington or Ralph Nader or George McGovern to the liberalism of Scoop Jackson or even further right. What has happened is that within the framework of a loose liberalism, the temper, the tone of Jewish liberalism has become conservatized.

There are reports – I have no idea how accurate – that some ultra-religious groups in Israel have made alliances with fundamentalists here. The fundamentalists have funnelled money to people who want to set up a third Temple and other *meshugaas*. But this is marginal to the American Jewish community.

Before the last presidential election, I did a bit of travelling and lecturing. I was struck that whereas some of the American Jewish spokesmen were very worried about Jesse Jackson, when you went into the sticks, the smaller towns, what worried people more was the Moral Majority. It touched them immediately when their kids heard a schoolteacher say who was responsible for Jesus' death. This frightens Jewish people.

Q. When Jews with whom you are at odds are attacked in anti-Semitic fashion, as Podhoretz was by Vidal, does this make you feel that in spite of everything you share something with them which you don't share with non-Jews who are ideologically closer to you?

A. We share the fact that we are Jews and obviously if Podhoretz and I had been unfortunate enough to be living in Germany at a certain point, we both would have been deported to concentration camps. Our ideological differences would not have been of any great importance. I came to the support of Podhoretz's right, as an American citizen, to say what he wants and to identify Israeli interests with the neo-conservative point of view. I attacked Vidal in *Dissent* for claiming that this makes Podhoretz less an American.

Q. And you did this basically because of your secondhand knowledge of the Holocaust?

A. Yes. That's the most extreme instance of the common vulnerability of Jews.

Q. You call yourself a "partial Jew" in your autobiography...

A. So is Podhoretz.

Q. Your connection with him, therefore, is no longer a religious or cultural connection, but only one of a certain shared history, particularly the terrible part of that history?

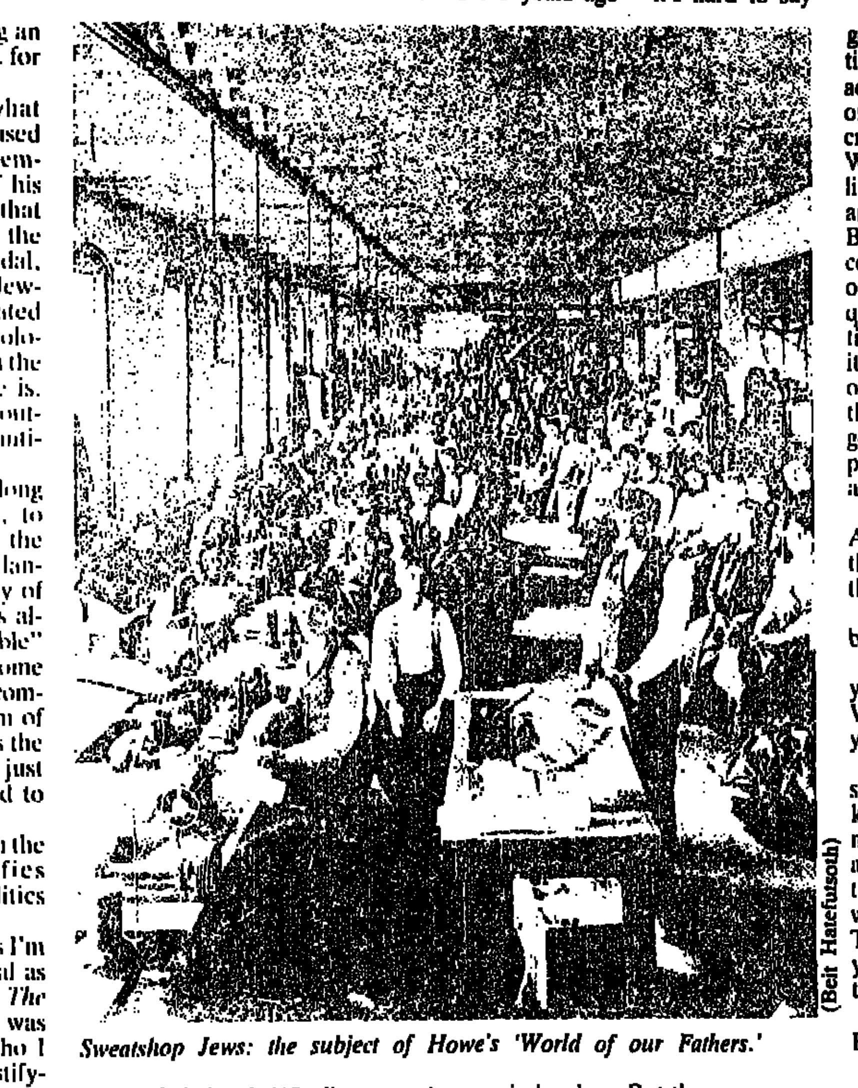
A. When it comes to self-defence, obviously the terrible part comes into play. If you ask me in terms of certain values, practices, traditions and sensibilities, then no. For example, when I work on the translation of Yiddish literature, the main factor isn't the Holocaust by any means. Rather it is a positive feeling about one aspect of Jewish tradition.

Q. Is there still a family of New York Jewish intellectuals?

A. No. We have a few survivors who are getting older, like myself, Alfred Kazin and some others. We have smallish, politically oriented groups, social democratic on my side, neo-conservative on the other. But there is no longer any shared community. Right now there must be dozens of dissertations being written about the New York Jewish...

Q. I saw one in a bookstore yesterday.

A. Yes, by a fellow named Alexander Bloom. You know, I once coined the phrase, "The passions of one generation become the dissertations of the next." Once the dissertations are being written you know the phenomenon is dead. I think it died some years ago – it's hard to say precisely when. But there are some of us who have survived as individuals.



(Beit Hatefutsoth)

Sweatshop Jews: the subject of Howe's 'World of our Fathers.'

Q. Isn't there a younger generation who would fit into this tradition?

A. There are a few individuals. Say a young writer like Leon Wieseltier, the literary editor of *The New Republic*, or David Bromwich, who writes for *Dissent* and other journals. They are people who aspire to be and in fact are distinguished all-around intellectuals. By intellectual, I mean someone who tries to take a comprehensive view of the world, who knows something, who is not a narrow specialist.

Q. Does this collapse of the family, this end of the tradition, have anything to do with a devaluation of the word?

A. Yes. But it has to do above all with the rise of academicism and the fact that more and more bright young people today turn to the academy. It also has to do with the economy. In the late '30s and early '40s, a free-lance writer could scrape by. Today, in a high-priced economy, it's impossible.

Q. Even if you're ready to live in respectable poverty, like Paul Goodman did for years?

A. That's exactly the example I was giving. Paul lived in respectable poverty, then he hit it rich a little bit in the '60s when he became popular. Today with an inflationary economy, the rewards for writing have not kept pace.

Q. Nor the prestige?

A. That's right.

Q. You wrote a piece for *Commentary* in 1968 about New York intellectuals. There you called Norman Mailer "our genius." You didn't say that without some irony, but you were also serious about it. I suppose that by now you wouldn't call him our genius any more...

A. Well, he had genius. But he didn't use it fully or properly.

Q. By "our," you meant the New York Jewish intellectuals?

A. Right.

Q. DO THESE intellectuals, or what is left of them, have a genius now? Is Woody Allen the nearest thing to it?

A. No. You see, when I said our genius I did so after making a distinction between critical and creative accomplishment. The essential gift of the New York intellectuals was critical, intellectual, not creative. We had a few gifted prose writers like Bellow, Mailer and Malamud, and a couple of poets like Schwartz. But basically the contribution of that community was critical. The history of American fiction and poetry could quite easily be written without mentioning that group. And in general, its importance has recently been over-estimated. So what I meant was that insofar as we had a creative genius, Mailer was it. We were happy that this very talented person was associated with us.

Q. When I asked whether Woody Allen might be our genius now, was that actually symptomatic of anything?

A. He's an amusing, gifted fellow, but he's totally different...

Q. Until last year you taught. Did you find that your students took Woody Allen more seriously than you do?

A. They take movies more seriously than I do. They tend to know about the history of the movies, the influence of this movie and that movie in connection with this one and that one, the way I once would have known about literature. That's one of the major signs of what you mentioned earlier, the devaluation of the word.

Q. This includes people studying English literature?

A. Exactly.

Q. They get their Ph.Ds and go off to the academy?

A. Where they often teach film. Film has become a popular subject in the universities.

Q. NOW, if you call yourself a partial Jew, what are these Jewish young people who...

A. They're even more partial. By partial Jew I mean someone who does not live his entire life within the boundaries of the Jewish community. A member of a Hassidic group in Brooklyn is a complete Jew. Maybe in my view not a very attractive kind, but his total life, everying about his life, from his sex to his culture to his daily prayers to his morals is determined by the fact that he is Jewish.

But someone like myself, or even many of the people who go to synagogue in America today, or I would even say most of the rabbis in America and for that matter many of the people I know in Israel – the totality of my life and their life is not shaped and coloured merely by the fact of being Jewish. Other elements enter in.

Q. So some Israelis are also partial Jews?

A. Yes, I think so.

Q. But more whole than you?

A. There are obvious degrees of partiality. Take someone who would be roughly an equivalent of myself in Israel. Someone who is a friend of Peace Now, teaches at the Hebrew University, a literary fellow. From a Jewish point of view he has a certain advantage over me in that he lives in a country where Jewishness is the very element of life. He doesn't have to decide certain kinds of things which I have to decide here. You see, everything about Jewishness in America has become a matter of decision. Once it's a matter of decision, you're a partial Jew.

Q. Are you saying that to be a complete Jew, in the Diaspora or the U.S., you have to be a Hassidic Jew?

A. Not necessarily Hassidic, but one has to be seriously religious, or you have to be someone who lived in the immigrant community and is totally immersed in it. For example, my father, who went to *shul* maybe once a year, was a complete Jew because everything about his life was determined by his being Jewish. There was no element of choice in it, even though he was not strongly religious. The idea of being anything but a complete Jew was not within the reaches of his imagination.

As long as you had an organic Yiddish culture in this country, it was possible to live a completely Jewish, yet secular, life. People on the Lower East Side did it. The tragedy of Jewish life from my point of view, the tragedy of Jewish life in America from the secularist point of view, is that we no longer have that organic community. Consequently, people like myself are really up against it. We're in great trouble insofar as Jewishness is something we take seriously.

Q. ARE YOU using the word tragedy loosely or precisely?

A. I use it in the sense that many people like myself feel that there has been a terrible loss in our lives. It's not the Aristotelian sense of tragedy, but it's a serious loss of something which came to us in perhaps attenuated form but which we cannot really pass on to others.

Q. To your children?

A. To our children, to the next generation. I have the sense of coming at the end of a major phase of Jewish life. And one of the signs that strike me of the spiritual sterility of Jewish life in America is that there is so little awareness of sharing this experience – that we are living at the end of a phase of 150-200 years, the phase of secular Jewishness. No doubt it was parasitical in some ways on religious Jewishness, but it also developed an autonomous life and culture. Now it is coming to an end and those of us who were raised on its values, and who in good faith find religion beyond their reach, are really in a very great deal of trouble.

So I agree with Hillel Halkin's analysis. In the long run – I want to emphasize this, the *long* run – the only two viable options for the continuation of Jewish life are religion and Israel. American Jewish institutional life will continue indefinitely, but in terms of the vital, significant life, it can be only religion or Israel.

Q. But has the Jewish state really taken root?

A. There's no question in my mind that it has. I have a greater belief in its durability than a great many Israelis whom I know. It's an important factor for me. But I still consider myself, whether I like it or not, an American. Any time I leave America, I am convinced again that I'm an American. I have friends in Israel like A. B. Yehoshua who try to persuade me to make aliya. It doesn't seem a realistic prospect for me, especially as I'm a writer who's struggled for 45 years to learn to write a decent English sentence and is by no means sure that he's yet succeeded.

Q. Some people I know in Israel throw around apocalyptic scenarios. They say that if this happens or that doesn't happen, then...

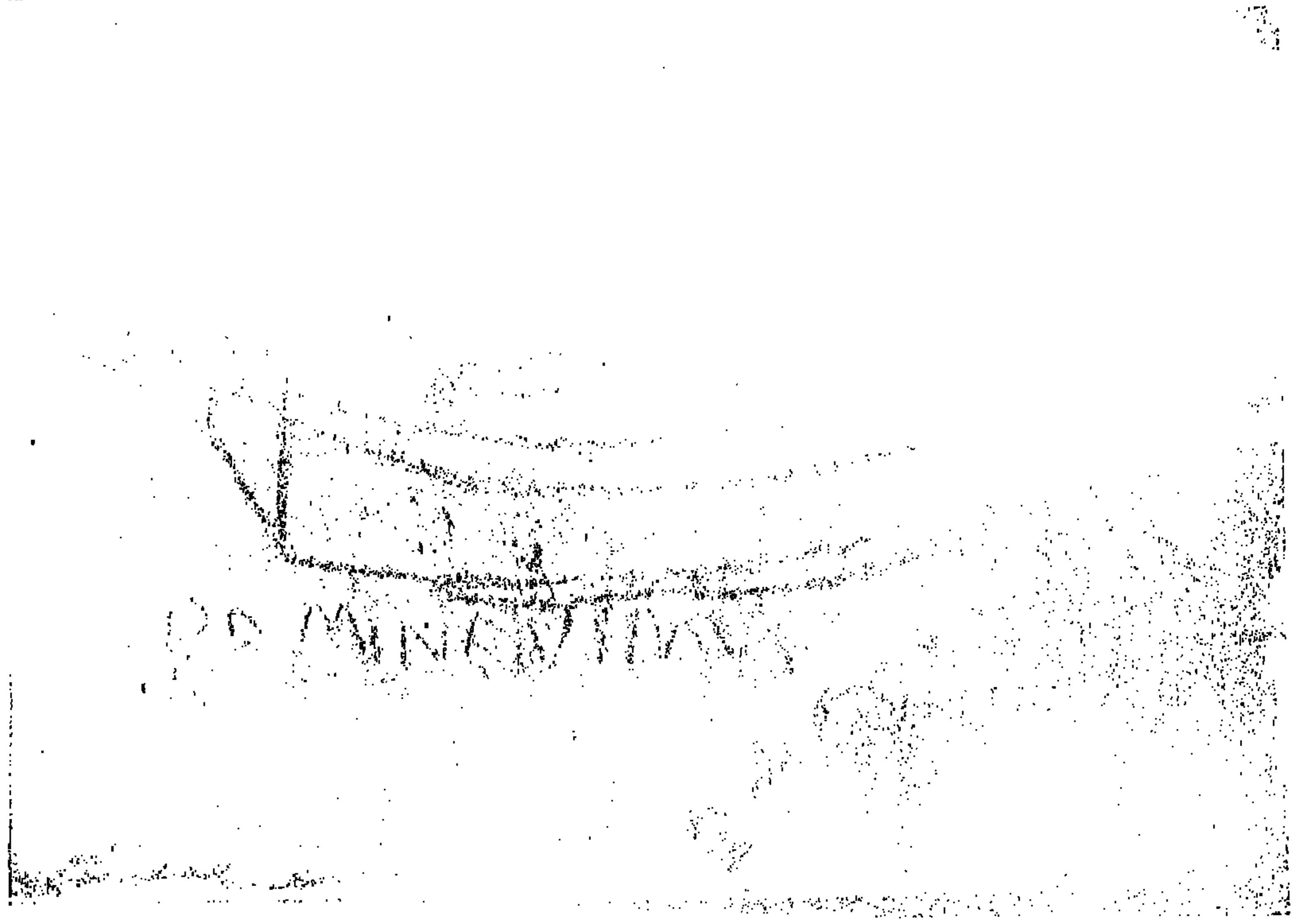
A. My sense of it is that there are troubles and there will be troubles, but that Israel is there to stay, absolutely there to stay. That's what I think. That's what I hope. □

FOR THE experts of the Criminal Identification Bureau at National Police Headquarters in Jerusalem, the summons to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in 1977 was a welcome change from conducting infrared examinations of the driving licences of certain new immigrants to verify their entitlement to purchase a car tax-free.

It was an ancient boat rather than a car that brought Chief Inspector [illegible] to the holiest site in Christendom – a 1,600-year-old drawing of a boat that had been uncovered in the innermost depths of the church. A startling allegation about the picture had been made by a British archeologist. In a learned journal, S. W. Helms voiced his suspicion that the picture might have been altered by a Franciscan scholar, I. Testa, in order to make a religious point.

Although scholarly debates quite often descend from the circumspect to the bitchy, it is rare for one scholar to imply deliberate falsification of evidence by another scholar – in this case, by a Franciscan monk, no less.

At the request of Israeli archeologist Magen Broshi, who had become involved in the excavations, the police team was invited to photograph the drawing with infra-red film. Their finding was clear: there was no falsification here; the picture on the wall was the one that had originally been drawn.



THE CONCLUSION has not muted debate over the mysterious drawing which Broshi believes offers a glimpse of a dramatic and very human moment at the beginning of institutionalized Christianity.

It was, in fact, at the very foundation of institutionalized Christianity – a remnant of the pagan temple destroyed to make way for the Holy Sepulchre – that the drawing was made. It was executed somewhere around 330 CE by someone whom Broshi believes was the first Christian pilgrim ever to leave his mark on Jerusalem.

He was a man with a keen eye and firm hand. He came not from the nearby Greek-speaking world of Byzantium, heart of the newly-legalized religion, but from the Latin-speaking world of the other end of the Mediterranean, perhaps from as far off as Spain.

In his kit, the traveller carried not only charcoal and a red pigment for drawing, but a psalter containing passages from the Song of Ascents (*Shir Hama'alot*) in Latin.

The graffiti he drew would probably have been exposed to public view for at most a year or two before being buried by the first of the church structures to cover the site. It would remain hidden until workmen broke through the basement wall in 1970 to expose the ancient church's substructure.

THE SHIP drawn on the smooth-faced stone carried a message of a new era. Some 15 years earlier, Christianity had emerged from two centuries of persecution when Emperor Constantine declared it a legal religion. Before he died in 337, Constantine would declare it the state religion. Well before that, in 326, his mother, Queen Helena, made her momentous visit to Jerusalem in search of the holy places and the True Cross.

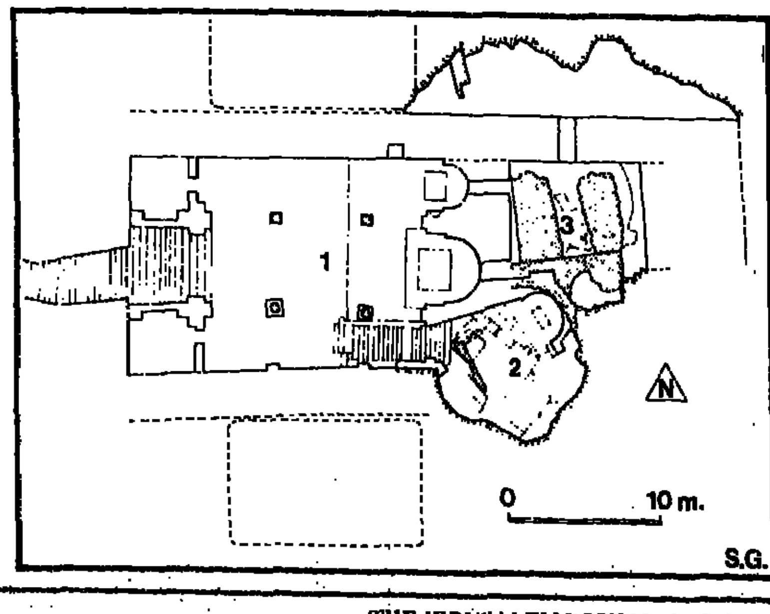
Leading her to the traditional site of Jesus's death and burial, local Christian residents pointed out an unlikely spot in the centre of the built-up city.

The New Testament had placed Calvary outside the city walls. The expansion of the city about a dozen years after Jesus' crucifixion in 30 CE had brought the site within the walls. Modern scholars believe the

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Jerusalem Post Reporter Abraham Rabinovich describes a scholarly dispute over a 1,600-year-old drawing. Pictures by Richard Nowitz.

Plan of excavated area where picture of ancient boat was found: 1) Chapel of St. Helena. 2) Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. 3) Excavated area subsequently fitted out by the Armenian Patriarchate as a chapel, today called the Chapel of St. Vartan and the Armenian Martyrs. (Israel Exploration Journal)



persistence of the local tradition, despite seemingly contradictory surface evidence is a strong indication of the tomb's authenticity. Archeology has also demonstrated that the site was a garden containing tombs in the first century CE, which echoes the New Testament account of Jesus' burial.

THE SITE had been quarried in the First Temple period for the highly-prized *meleke* stone, probably for public buildings. Potsherds indicate that squatters lived on the site of the quarry for some time in the seventh century BCE.

According to Father Virgilio Corbo, whose massive archeological study on the church was published four years ago, the quarry, which extends well beyond the church site, remained in use until the first century BCE, when it was filled in and covered with a layer of soil to serve as a garden.

In the mid-second century CE, after his legions had suppressed the Bar-Kochba uprising in 135, Emperor Hadrian constructed a new city, Aeolia Capitolina, on the ruins of Jerusalem. In the garden above the filled-in quarry he built a temple to Venus on a platform that effectively preserved at least some of the tombs. For almost 200 years before Helena's coming in 326, the site would remain covered by the temple to the goddess of love.

It was apparently on a part of the platform wall of the pagan temple that the boat was drawn. It is unlikely that a traveller would draw Christian graffiti when paganism still flourished in Jerusalem. This left only a very short period during which the artist could have made his drawing – the interval between the time the pagan temple and support platform were dismantled, except for a few fragments, and the time that construction of the church began.

THE DRAWING would still have remained entombed beneath the church had it not been for the curiosity of an Armenian priest, Bishop Guregh Kapikian. In 1970, he persuaded his patriarchate to break through a wall east of the Chapel of St. Helena, which is in the custody of the Armenians, to see whether there was merely bedrock beyond, as was generally assumed, or an unexplored space. The chapel lies at the eastern end of the Holy Sepulchre Church. A stairway leads down from it into a cave known as the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross where, according to Christian tradition, Helena had found the True Cross on which Jesus was crucified.

Arab workmen under Bishop Kapikian's direction broke through a wall and found that there was indeed a large space beyond, measuring nine by 10 metres. Numerous potsherds, including one with Hebrew letters, substantial wall substructures, and evidence of heavy rock-quarrying extending downwards some 13 metres reflected considerable human activity on the site in the past.

In 1971, the excavators were startled to find on one of the walls the dirt-covered outlines of a ship, with Latin letters scrawled beneath.

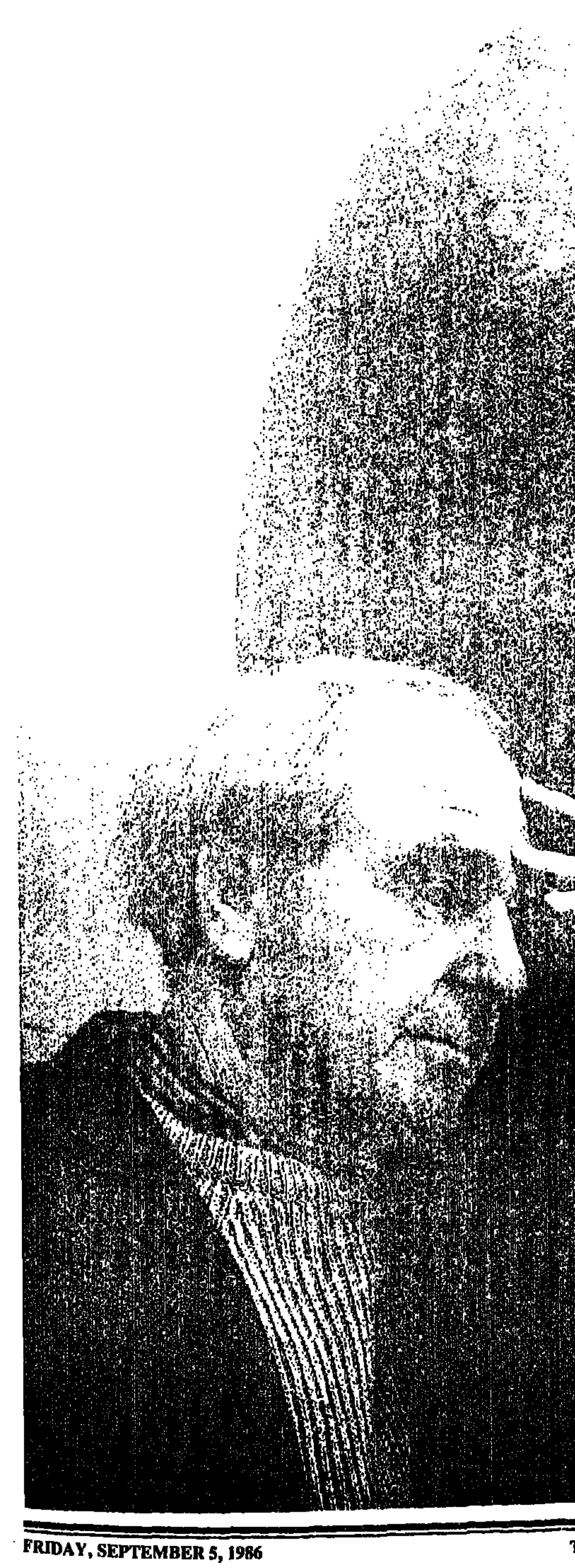
Two scholars from the British School of Archeology in Jerusalem were invited to the site by the Armenians – S. W. Helms, who was spending a sabbatical here, and A. G. Walls, the school's architect. They did not attempt the possibly risky operation of cleaning the drawing before it was photographed and before Helms copied the inscription.

The information was passed on for analysis to Dr. Sally Humphreys, a classicist from London's University College, who published her findings in 1974 in the *International Journal of Nautical Archeology and Underwater Exploration*. She and Wells saw the inscription as reading "Isis Myrionimos," Isis of the Ten Thousand Names. Isis, the Egyptian goddess of fertility, was a name frequently used for ships in antiquity.

A very different reading was made in 1975 by the Franciscan scholar, I. Testa, when he undertook to clean the drawing on the wall. (According

DEATH OF A LEGEND

The Post's Art editor Meir Ronnen writes an appreciation of Henry Moore, who died this week.



FEW MEN become legends in their own lifetime; fewer still create something entirely individual that will last far beyond their lifetimes. But such a man was Henry Moore, OM, who died this week at 88, the most eminent sculptor of this century.

The Moore legend grew slowly, as its originality slowly became more manifest. The man himself was quietly tough, self-assured, but modest and retiring; though covered in international honours, he never became a public figure, or a public legend like Picasso. There was no personal flamboyance; and no scandal. But he was also no elitist recluse: hundreds of thousands of schoolchildren and gawpers made their way to his country studio-home at Much Hadham every year and none were turned away when he was at home. He never minded being disturbed. His work was for people and most of it was destined for the outdoors.

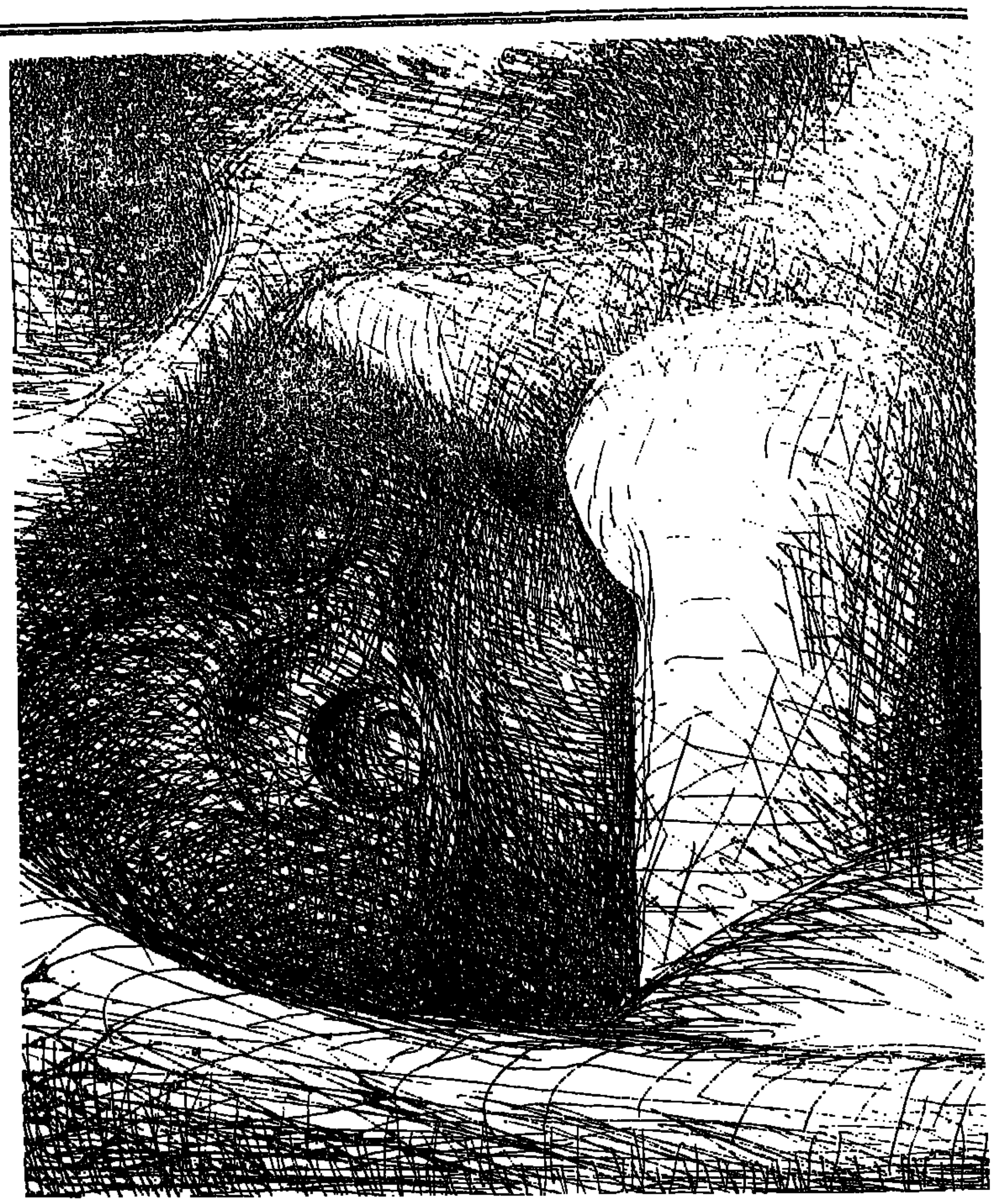
The stocky Moore came up the hard way. In a Yorkshire mining town he fought other boys with one hand tied behind his back and kissed girls at age 12. He went off to the Somme in the Civil Service Rifles at 18, hoping to win a medal and when his unit went over the top he was out in front of his corporal, shooting from the hip; all his life he remained miffed that it was his corporal who got the medal. He was gassed at Cambrai in 1917 but he was lucky; only 42 of his battalion came home.

He studied at the Leeds School of Art and at the Royal College of Art in London, where he met his lifelong helpmeet, the striking Irina Radetzky (whom he married in 1929). In 1926 he became a teacher there and later founded the department of sculpture at Chelsea. His talents flowered in middle age, like a form slowly emerging from a very hard stone, no fireworks, very much a sculptor's way. For many years he carved rather than modelled but later recanted his own dogma; his great bronzes were the result. His several styles were so personal they defied imitation; derivations were laughable. He forced others to seek their own way.

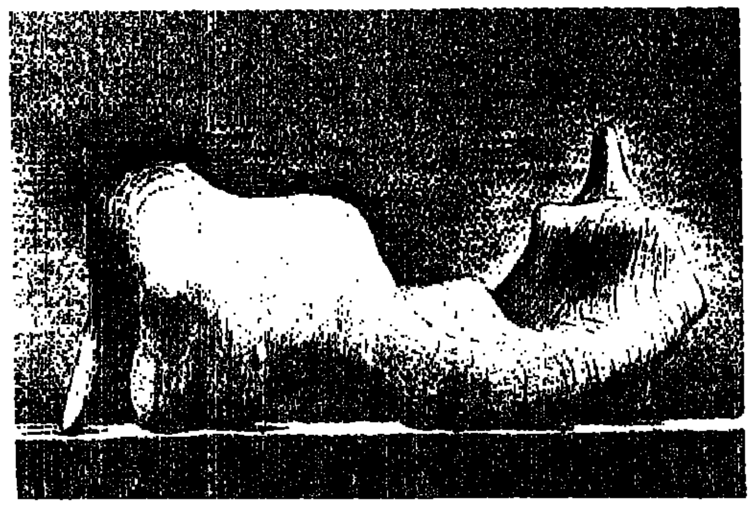
He found all his inspiration in nature: people, animals, bones, even pebbles worked organically by the forces of water and time. A pebble inspired his amputee Arnhem warrior. The "hole" considered so characteristic of his work, was all his but never a gimmick. It came because of his experiments with tunneling and reverse space, an anticipation of current scientific concepts of non-Euclidean geometry in astro and particle physics. Pre-war cartoonists had a field day with the holes, but they helped make his name. Moore managed to combine the best of both carving and modelling. He had a blind man's compulsion to explore by touch and developed a virtuoso ability to model, to knead, to build up. The distinction between that method and cutting away largely disappeared. But

(Continued on page B)

Death of a Legend (Continued from page A)



(Above left) *Moore's 'King and Queen' when displayed at the Israel Museum.* (Above right) *Print from the 'Elephant Skull' series.*



(Left) *Typical 'Mother and Child' bronze maquette, 1978.* (Centre) *Drawing for Moore's favourite theme, 'Reclining Figure.'* (Right) *Huge bronze 'Vertebrae,' permanently at the Israel Museum.*

Moore always kept a carver's regard for surface, treating his bronzes to careful scraping, buffing, polishing. He could approach the problems of cutting a giant block of travertine marble by doing a maquette in clay that, cast in bronze, was also a viable work in itself.

Moore also looked at the past. He turned to Renaissance art and Rodin and to the achievements of the artists of Mexico, Egypt and Africa. His early work showed traces of Epstein, Arp and Tanguy. He eventually turned his back on them all, becoming classical in his own way and never letting go of his major themes: woman, the family, the warrior. These figures are not ordinary people but hieratic, remote, monumental, their massiveness and majesty often exaggerated by the use of a small stylised head. His masterly "King and Queen," for instance, are almost science-fiction in that they are not quite of this world. There is also a timeless quality to them; indeed, they will sit side by side forever. The primeval quality of immortal presence, found in the sculpture of all "primitive" peoples, is what distinguished his work from that of his cold abstractionist contemporary, Barbara Hepworth.

Moore's achievement appears even more singular when seen against the almost non-existent background of British sculpture, dead since the Middle Ages. It had stirred with the coming of two foreigners, Epstein and Gaudier-Brezezka, the latter killed in the war Moore survived; and with the work of Dobson and Gill. But the latter were minor figures. It was Moore, singlehanded, who brought life to a generation of British and international sculptors.

Moore the brilliantly original draughtsman was also a late bloomer. The late Kenneth Clark, then Director of the National Gallery, secured him a post as a war artist, a job which resulted in his famous air-raid shelter notebooks, pioneering in their non-realist, volumetric approach. Moore also did drawings of wartime miners and, in later life, made huge quantities of graphics. The Israel Museum has his marvellous series based on explorations of an elephant skull given him by Julius Huxley. At the age of 80, Moore began to make the first of many brilliant pen drawings of sheep, the most realist of all his works.

Moore never forgot that much of his earliest encouragement and assistance came from Jews. Jacob Epstein believed in him from the outset. So did a previous director of the National Gallery, Sir William Rothenstein. It was Rothenstein's brother Charles who made the first purchases of Moore's carvings, for about £7 each, not a bad sum at the time.

Moore came here in 1966 following the opening of a huge show of his works at the Israel Museum and the Tel Aviv Museum, mounted by the British Council. He gave freely of his time, meeting patiently with Israeli sculptors, painters and writers. Pop art was then in the ascendant. Moore said to me that he welcomed all experimentation, but that he thought that most of Pop art was junk. He believed in hard work. With the understanding encouragement of Irina, he would sometimes work 20 hours a day. "You cannot," he said, "do sculpture from nine to 12."

Moore loved children and spent several happy hours modelling with a class at the Israel Museum's Youth Wing. The museum has a particularly fine piece of his, the large "Vertebrae" in the Billy Rose sculpture garden, a looser version of his "locking-piece" ideas. It is a reminder that the great humanist sculptor could also successfully move a figural idea into the realm of abstraction.

A splendid example of his more humanist work is the seated figure at the Givat Ram campus of Hebrew University, beloved of all who sat around it on the campus lawn. □

Dance Dora Sowden

Zestful tango

Two members of the Mariano Mores Company at the Jerusalem Theatre.

HANDSOME in a dark, romantic way that Velasquez or Van Dyke might have loved to paint, Ivan Marko, director-choreographer of Hungary's Gyor Ballet, came to Israel for a few days in preparation for the company's visit here mid-September.

Though this will be the first tour by a Hungarian dance company, it is not Marko's first visit. He was here as solo dancer with Bejart's 20th Century Ballet in 1972 and again later.

Marko is Jewish. His parents managed to survive the concentration camp "but many in my family were sent to Auschwitz," he told me in French, as he knows no English.

Since he became the founder-director of the Gyor Ballet in 1979, when he was 32, he has created more than 20 works for his company, but doesn't like to describe them as classical or modern. "Say contemporary," he said, "I have created a symphonic work but it is neither abstract nor with a story. All my ballets have a theme, are based on emotions, sentiment of today, desire, fear, a dance idea."

Politics? "Never directly. Every artist is political but not a maker of politics."

Though there were no dancers in his family, he began to dance at the age of three, graduated from the Budapest State Ballet School at 20 and joined the Budapest State Ballet and then went to the Béjart company.

The Gyor company, state financed, is one of the three major companies in Hungary, and there are several smaller ones.

Speaking in Hungarian at a press conference in Tel Aviv (August 26), he said, "There is no dictatorship in the company – unless it is the dictatorship of love. I love my dancers."

There is also no star system. The soloists also dance in the body of the company.

"My dancers are intensely interested in coming to Israel and eagerly await the visit," he said. There are 13 women and 12 men – all coming. They will present three works: *Bolero*, *Joyful Souls* and *Mechanical Garden*, all choreographed by Marko.

Asked about the Nazi era, he said that his latest work *Memento* dealt with this; but Barry Swersky, general manager of Bat-Dor, which is sponsoring the visit, explained why it was not being presented.

"The three works chosen show the full character of the company," he said, "and have all been presented in Europe with great success. *Memento* is a full-length ballet, only just completed, and we considered it would be a mistake to start off with one, full-evening work."

The Hungarian-born choreographer-director of the Freiburg Ballet, Krisztina Horvath, has just spent several weeks at the Ga'aton studios of the Kibbutz Dance Company. She came with two assistants: her husband, dancer Michael Molnar (also Hungarian) and British dancer Antoinette Laurent, who has been with the Freiburg Ballet for four years. The visit was made possible by the Goethe Institute.

Horvath has set two of her works for the Ga'aton workshop. One, entitled *Paper Wing* (music: Debussy), is a shorter version of the full-length work her company has performed in Germany. The other, *Songs of Sorrow* (music: Kodaly/Bartok), is an extended treatment of parts of a previous work dealing with peasant life.

At a rehearsal at the Ga'aton studios (August 25) the young dancers in the workshop purposefully performed the complicated movements of the choreographic designs. The premieres took place the following night at nearby Kibbutz Kabri.

Paper Wing, in a series of scenes, traces the story of flight, from kites to present-day aircraft, in symbolic terms with myths like the story of Icarus, who flew too near the sun on the wings his father Daedalus invented. *Songs of Sorrow*, dealing with youthful love, parental interference, departure and return, makes imaginative use of huge banks of pillows.

Meanwhile, the Kibbutz Dance Company is getting ready for a Far East tour later this month that will take in Tokyo, Seoul and Singapore. Earlier this year, the company visited England.

CREATOR of such gems as *Troy Game* and *Death and the Maiden*, Robert North is here from England to set two more works for Batsheva. An assistant also came, Cathy Becque, who was with Ballet Rambert for 11 years and took part in North's works while he was, until six months ago, artistic director of Ballet Rambert.

North is now free-lancing as choreographer and recently set some of his works for the Royal Danish Ballet, the Stuttgart Ballet and the New Jersey Ballet. He is also "teaching a lot." During a rehearsal break at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv (August 28), he said: "I am making the Batsheva dancers do what they are pretty good at: lots of energy, fun and drama."

One of North's new works, to be premiered at the Cameri Theatre on September 15 in Tel Aviv, is called *Entre Dos Aguas* (Between Two Waters) to music by Paco de Lucia and Simon Rogers. He described it as "a mixture of flamenco and rock, not authentic, purely my own." The other, very jazzy, is *Whip it to a Jelly*, "a mixture of blues and the boogie-woogie of the '30s, '40s, '50s."

Batsheva recently returned from Europe, where it performed in the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Antwerp, Ostend and Geneva. At the end of October it goes to the U.S. for performances in New York, San Francisco and Florida, and then on to Venezuela and Mexico.

If you strayed into the Liberty Bell Garden in Jerusalem on Wednesday August 27 at 5 p.m., you and a hundred other children found Alice in her very special Wonderland – which means Alice Dor-Cohen as Elisa, looking unmistakably like Lewis Carroll's Alice in a world of wonder designed by Eli Dor-Cohen with his characteristic knack for creating strange shapes.

So there we children were, being addressed by someone uncommonly like White Rabbit – only he had a pink head and introduced us into the first tent, where Alice-Elisa received us prettily. Later there were other Elisas as like as peas to No. 1.

In the next tent of marvels, Alice-Elisa "swam" behind glass with creatures like octopuses, but she came out whole and unharmed. In yet another tent, curious plants had lollipops growing on their heads, there for the taking – which the little ones among us did.

After that we met dinosaur-like creatures, not at all frightening because they were only man-sized and climbed on roof ladders and talked nicely, considering.

In the last tent, on a pocket-sized platform, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Israeli-style, or rather Dor-Cohen style, did some incredible things: flipbacks, somersaults, jumps over each other, walks on their hands, hitting nothing except their oversized bellies. Dancers moved more or less gracefully, and Alice-Elisa, pert as ever, came to say goodbye, while other children were making their happy progress through the wonderland and the looking-glass.

Tnuatron, the young people's dance group directed by Dorit Shimron, has paid a visit to Denmark, gave 12 performances in 15 days and has been invited back for next year.

DEBORAH BERTONOFF, Israeli dancer-teacher-author, goes to New York later this month to participate in a conference, "In Search of a Dance Tradition: Jews and Judaism in Dance" (September 20-23). She will give a lecture-demonstration of the Beggar's Dance from *The Dybbuk*, which she choreographed when her late father, the famous Habimah actor, was appearing in the Ansky play. She has previously given such a lecture-demonstration at Tel Aviv University and the Rubin Academy.

"After years of not dancing (in public) I have gone back to it," she said. "For the past eight months I have been practising three times a day – and reviving this dance."

WHAT, no guitars? This seems strange for an Argentinian company but yet there was no shortage of either music or dance in all styles of tango at the Jerusalem Theatre (August 31) when Mariano Mores presented his show entitled *Tango* and *Happy Tango*, whichever you prefer.

Plainly it was Mores's show. He was at the piano right through the performance, playing solo, conducting, blending with his six admirable musicians, accompanying the singers and dancers. He did it all with a kind of ingratiating Liberace smile (and a black-sequinned waistcoat) and with a Liberace dexterity that included glissandos and double octaves which marked his place as the star as well as the artistic director.

As the saying goes, it takes two to tango, and here were six-two's with each dancer capable of running off with a tango trophy. Yet they were more than ballroom experts. The spectacular leg twists, aggressive kicks forward and back – sometimes between the legs of the partners – made this highly-charged theatre dance.

These mature men and women made their tangoing brilliant with experience as well as expertise, with absolute musicality, whether in two-four, four-four or other timing, and with zest.

Despite the piano virtuosity and the fine orchestral playing, with Carlos Buono exceptional on the bandonion (Argentine accordion), I would have preferred fewer musical items and more dancing. Despite the variety in the dotted rhythms and a valse number by the instrumentalists, the music (including two very emotive vocalists) seemed to occupy too much of the programme.

Nevertheless, there was always tango. A solo by a male dancer (Omar Ocampo) traced a man's life from *gaucho* (pampas cowboy) to *guappo* (city slicker). His first dance indicated links between his booted steps and Spanish heel tapping, but, discarding his splendid costume in a sort of strip-tease, he took on a townsman's wear.

The only real piece of dance drama was that of a card game in a brothel developing into a knife fight at one side of the stage and a cockfight (two women in tights and feathers) at the other side. A duet meant to satirize Rudolph Valentino of the legendary films was so well danced that it seemed more exhibition than parody. □

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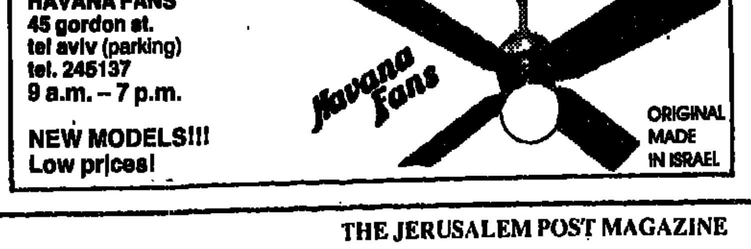

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Moshe Gershuni – Paintings 1980–1986. Largest retrospective of this prominent Israeli artist (Morzbacher Galleries).
Jenny Holzer/Barbara Kruger – Two young, innovative American artists explore the use of words (Billy Rose Pavillion).
Exhibition from the Japanese Graphics Collection – Tadaroni Yokoo and Kazumosa Nagai (Palevsky Design Pavillion)- until Sep. 22.
Big and Small – Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).
Jewels of Children's Literature – celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award - outside Youth Wing Library.
Joel Kantor: Photographs of Israel (Barbara & Isidore M. Cohen Gallery). until Sep. 8.
Art in Context – Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).

Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica and Ethnic Art.

EVENTS
SPECIAL EVENTS

Tues. Sep. 9 at 6.15 pm. Gallery Talk: THE DAYAN COLLECTION (in Hebrew) with Lena Charash.
Tues. Sep. 9 at 7.15 pm. KETEF HINNOM – guided tour in Hebrew with Michal Dayagi-Mendels.
Tues. Sep. 9 at 9 pm. KOL BERAMA – Community singing in Hebrew with Shlomo Shavit and guest vocalist Lior Yieni.

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Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16.30.
Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00. Judaica Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.
Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13.30, Tues. 15:00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS
Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am–5 pm; Tues. 4 pm–10 pm; Fri. Sat. 10 am–2 pm; Art Garden 10 am–sunset.
Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am–1 pm.
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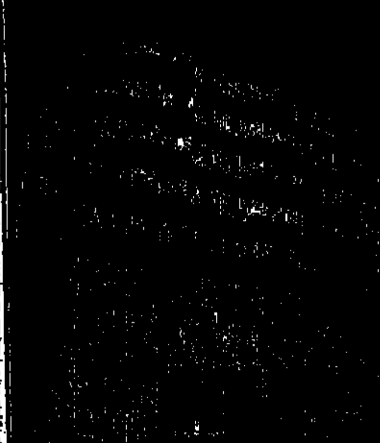

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Haim Shapiro

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MANY years ago, during my wanderings, I tried to support myself by preparing elegant meals in private homes.

After making up a menu with the hostess, I would go out to buy my ingredients. These inevitably included about half a kilo of butter and a large quantity of heavy cream. A friend once accompanied me on one of these buying expeditions and was shocked at my intemperate ways.

I admitted that the food was rather rich, but I pointed out that it also tasted very good. In any case, I was not responsible for my clients' diets. I could not help but think of this incident during my meal at Keren. It is a restaurant that I would recommend very highly, but not as a regular habit.

From outside, along the lower depths of Ibn Gabirol Street, there is little to indicate culinary grandeur. Some narrow stairs lead to a crowded gallery, with less than a dozen tables. There are also tables and chairs outside for those waiting to be seated.

THE MENU is not long, but even a brief glance showed that it represented the front lines of the gastronomic battle. Fresh herbs, capers and cream are some of the words which appeared over and over again.

I opened my meal with a relatively unassuming dish, salmon mousse, a pale pink slice of foamy shimmering substance that slid down the throat almost too quickly and easily. Delicate in taste, with just the faintest hint that a morsel of smoked salmon might have been added to enhance the flavour. It appeared to be made with a goodly quantity of whipped cream.

My companion began with a calamary salad, a dish which I must describe in detail, even at the risk of offending my observant readers. It was a dish that put to shame every other calamary salad I have ever seen. It was composed of tiny baby squid, lightly marinated in a piquant, but far from acid, vinaigrette, all arranged most beautifully on a bed of lettuce. It was a far cry from the heavy tough bits of seafood in a thick tomato sauce which usually parade under the same name.

For my main course, I chose brains with capers. Here, in addition to the aforementioned items, butter was the principal ingredient and it was laid on with a heavy hand. The result was delicious, but a little over-rich – even for a gourmand like myself. Even the liberal sprinkling of capers could not mitigate it.

My companion tried the shrimp in butter and garlic, after the waitress swore that the shrimp were fresh. Though the dish was very good, neither she nor I were entirely convinced of this. In contrast to most such dishes in which the seafood is cooked in the sauce, the peeled shrimp appeared to have been steamed. If so, the problem may not have been that they were frozen, but that they were steamed a few minutes too long, thus affecting their consistency. The sauce, however, went well with them.

WITH all this we had a basket of very fresh slices of baguette and herbed garlic butter, the latter quite unnecessary in the face of so many sauces that fairly shouted out to be mopped up to the last drop of cholesterol. A dish of fried potatoes, dripping in butter, went almost untasted, although it too was excellent.

We washed all this down with a glass each of Yarden Sauvignon, which I was interested to see being sold by the glass. This superb wine stood up well to the buttery challenge.

Despite the overwhelming richness of the meal, I could not resist ordering an item deceptively called chocolate cake. It was a wedge of thick chocolate cream, sitting on a base of crushed nuts and surrounded by a thick border of whipped cream.

My companion ordered the lemon meringue and was intrigued to find the meringue on the bottom, topped by the conventional lemon cream.

We ordered coffee and to our good fortune were served a large pot of filter coffee. I needed a few cups just to stagger out of the place.

The bill came to NIS 71, of which NIS 12 comprised the cost of two glasses of Yarden Sauvignon. The price was low, considering the food, high in view of the ambience. □

Bridge Hanan Sher

The right signals

North
♠ A Q 9 8 7
♥ 5
♦ 6 5
♣ Q J 10 4 3

West
♠ 5 2
♥ K J 7 6 3
♦ K 4 3 2
♣ 6 2

East
♠ K 6 4 3
♥ A Q 10 9 8
♦ J 10 9
♣ 8

South
♠ J 10
♥ 4 2
♦ A Q 8 7
♣ A K 9 7 5

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
—	—	1♣	Pass
1♠	Dbl.	2♣	Pass
4♥*	Dbl.	Pass	Pass
5♣	All Pass		

(*) North's four-heart call was a "splinter," indicating good support for clubs, South's rebid suit, a singleton or void in hearts, and at least one ace. South, with his very minimum hand, respectfully denied the slam invitation by passing East's double of the heart bid. Had he been interested in slam (if, for example, he had 14 high-card points in the form of ace-king of clubs, ace of diamonds and king of spades), he had a variety of options for bidding on. Splinters, as we have mentioned before, are a good way of getting to "fit" slams on considerably less than the 32 high-card points usually needed for "power" slamming.

Sometimes technique will carry the day, in defence or in declarer play. On other occasions, it may be necessary to reach way down into your bag of tricks, and come up with a deceptive play to make your contract. That was the case in today's deal, where declarer had a choice between a deceptive play and a straight-up method of making his contract.

The standard contract in a duplicate tournament was in clubs, and our North-South used the "splinter bid" conventional gadget to reach a good game contract. The odds were about even that declarer would come up a winner; one of two finesses, in the "pointed suits," diamonds and spades, would be enough to make the contract. The odds were about 3-1 that one of the kings would be in the "slot," or under the ace-queen. But the play of the hand gave declarer some clues, and his accurate reading of the cards gave him an extra chance.

East took the opportunity of North's shortness-showing splinter bid to double for a heart lead, and partner duly led a heart to his ace. At trick two, East returned the diamond jack, and South took stock.

There would be no problem if East held the diamond king, but that seemed highly improbable after he had led the jack. So there appeared to be a loser in that suit.

That meant that he'd have to bring the spade suit home without loss, which he would if the spade king was with West. But what if it were in the East hand? Then he would have to go down...unless he could fool East.

Deciding that the deceptive play was more satisfying, if only equally probable to win, South won the second trick with the diamond ace. His next play was the ace of clubs, both following. And now he played the jack of spades to dummy's ace, West contributing the deuce, and called for a small spade from dummy.

What was East to do? He imagined South's distribution to be 1-3-4-5, with a singleton spade, three small hearts, four diamonds to the ace-queen, and the ace-king of clubs. That would mean that partner's spade holding was 10 and two others. If he went up with the king and it was ruffed, South would be able to cash a second high club, enter dummy with a heart ruff, and play the queen of spades, telling his partner's ten and establishing the nine and eight as tricks. That would give South 12 tricks, and an important overtrick in match-point duplicate, locally called Top-Bottom. It seemed "safer" to play a small spade, and hold declarer to 11 tricks, sure to be a close to average score.

So East played small, and to his consternation, South produced the ten. Having avoided a spade loser, South could now claim his contract.

"Wasn't that silly," complained West. "Partner, you could have defeated the contract with ease, just by playing the spade king. Instead, you 'went to bed' with it, and we have a terrible score."

"But the fault is not his, it's yours," interjected South. "You did not give him count in the spade suit. Had you played the five, the higher of your two cards in that suit, partner would have known for sure that you had only a doubleton. And then he would have been able to take the king without worry. But when you played the deuce, he had every right to believe that you had exactly three spades, and under those circumstances his play was absolutely correct."

Which again proves the old maxim that bridge is very much a partnership game, and that simple and routine things like signalling – playing up the line with three, and high-low with an even number of cards in a suit – pay off more often than not. □

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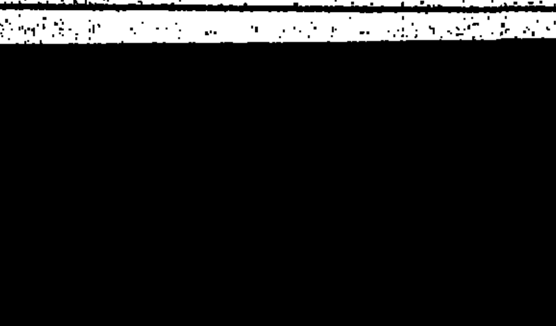

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Massof Adv.

Scrabble Sam Orbaum

Like old times

IT WAS like old times. The two leviathans of Israeli Scrabble tournaments, our perennial front-runners of biannual wordplay, were high atop the standings in last week's National Scrabble Tournament.

There was Fred Reitenberg, the analytical tactician, always in control.

And there was Israel Shafir, a wide-open gambler and great vocabularian.

Fred and Israel, Israel and Fred. In the first tournament, unsure of his comparative strength, Fred competed in the Casual Division, and won it, while Israel was finishing second in the Advanced Division, an iota behind the winner. Israel won the next meet; Fred (now recognizing *that he belongs in the higher* category) finished second. Fred won the next time (Israel taking third), and then in the fourth tournament Israel won, Fred ending up in third. The next time, Fred leapfrogged *over his rival from Ramat Gan*, taking top spot again, relegating Israel to fourth, but in the sixth meet, Israel got his comeuppance: he finished second, and Fred third.

By the next two tourneys, the rest *of the field had caught up.* The Big Two were swept away with utter ignominity.

The mighty had fallen. Now, there were new reputations to fear: Bill Blum, Ari Shanan, Liliane Servier, Barry Chamish.

But last week at Tel Aviv's *Mandarin Hotel, the quondam* powerhouses invoked the good ol' days.

After six games, when the top third of the Competitive Division breaks off to form the Advanced with four games to go, there they *were: Fred in first, Israel in second.*

They each won their seventh matches, Fred managing a low-scoring heart-thumper, 296-288 over moshavnik Arna Gadiel. Israel beat Moshe Feingold of Haifa, 399-380.

Game eight. Fred, undefeated at 7-0. His opponent: Israel, a shade behind at 6-1. If Haifa club director Fred wins, he could go all the way to an unprecedented 10-win tournament victory. But Israel wins, 407-356!

With two games to go, each at 7-1, only two contenders were close enough to hope for an upset victory: Jerusalemites Alice Jonah, seven wins, and Eddie Levenston, with six:

Bizarre Round Nine: Fred loses to Ari Shanan of Tiberias, 381-307; Alice loses to Mitzi Antflick 346-335, and Israel falls to Arava moshavnik Arna, 376-347. Eddie, the Hebrew University professor and compiler of the Megiddo Dictionary, scored a timely 401-394 win, and now, all four were tied in victories with only point differential keeping them apart.

The last game pitted them head-to-head: Fred vs. Alice, Israel vs. Eddie.

The tension was palpable at Tables One and Two.

Alice pulled ahead early, but Fred recovered quickly and, back in control, blanketed the board with smart defensive moves.

Meanwhile, Eddie was trouncing Israel at the latter's own game, building up a 191-72 margin. Israel prevented a rout by correctly challenging Eddie's LANOLITE, and then threatened to make a comeback *with a bingo of his own*, VISITED, but Eddie got the last blank and salted away a neat 462-357 win.

Back at Table One, Alice was making one grave mistake, turn after turn. Holding the Q with all four U's *and both blanks played, and with the* board well contained, she plodded along with low scoring moves instead of passing the Q. Her challenge withered, and Fred hammered out a 391-276 decision – for the trophy.

The Competitive Division belonged to the Jerusalem Scrabble Club. Seven of the top eight in the final standings play in the country's flagship club, including two members of Kibbutz Tzora, Hazel Haberer and Janette Waishrod, who finished one-two respectively. Further down in the top 10, J-J Jonah, son of the Q-beleaguered Alice, fashioned a 5-5 record, perfectly respectable for a just-turned 16-year-old sprite.

Among the Casual(ties), Ilse Akzin (Jerusalem) won her first seven games to take a commanding lead late into the competition, but then lost her last three. Chani Katz, on the other hand, kicked things off *with a poor 240* in her first match, but went on to win the rest of her games – including eighth and tenth game victories over Ilse – surging to a sterling divisional triumph. Her Zahala club compatriots celebrated *by cracking open* a bottle of vodka, getting just sufficiently tipsy to put away their Scrabble boards and sit down to a rousing game of – gasp! – Boggle. Lionel Rose (Jerusalem) lost only to Ilse to register a fine 9-1 record and second-place finish.

Standings for the Ninth National Scrabble Tournament, including the complete Advanced Division and top 10 in Competitive and Casual:

ADVANCED

		W-L	+/-	Avg.
1.	Fred Reitenberg	8-2	+674	371
2.	Eddie Levenston	8-2	+425	385
3.	Mitzi Antflick	7-3	+129	375
4.	Arna Gadiel	7-3	+331	366
5.	Israel Shafir	7-3	+340	391
6.	Alice Jonah	7-3	+305	368
7.	Rena Schwartz	7-3	+236	375
8.	Ari Shanan	6-4	+593	386
9.	Randy Hindman	6-4	+201	359
10.	Brenda Cohen	6-4	+72	370
11.	Pamela Loval	6-4	+63	377
12.	Seymour Rosen	6-4	+13	337
13.	Moshe Feingold	5-5	+165	372
14.	Barry Chamish	5-5	+87	364
15.	Tamar Iatan	5-5	+29	349
16.	Doug Kazloy	3-7	-223	330

COMPETITIVE

1.	Hazel Haberer	7-3	+430	375
2.	Janette Waishrod	6-4	+347	362
3.	Liliane Servier	6-4	+246	356
4.	Bill Blum	6-4	+147	375
5.	Heather Rockman	6-4	+75	369
6.	Michele Blum	6-4	+64	346
7.	Sara Schaeter	5-5	+163	350
8.	J-J Jonah	5-5	+122	361
9.	Ruth Shames	5-5	-63	370
10.	Edythe Friedlander	5-5	-64	356

CASUAL

1.	Chani Katz	9-1	+678	355
2.	Lionel Rose	9-1	+537	337
3.	Ilse Akzin	7-3	+541	357
4.	Tova Blum	7-3	+315	341
5.	Rachel Daniels	7-3	+176	298
6.	Gladys Sable	7-3	+61	324
7.	Adriane Spira	6-4	+284	330
8.	Ivy Hesp	6-4	+161	307
9.	Ilana Ben Josef	6-4	+24	316
10.	Yehuda Ben Josef	6-4	-4	299

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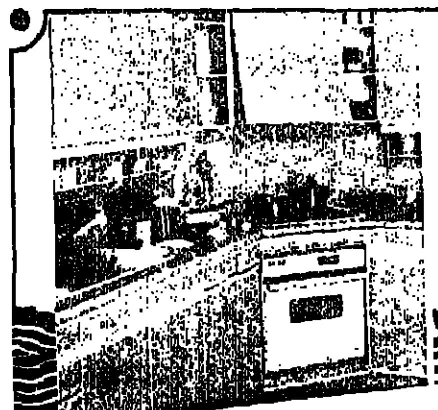
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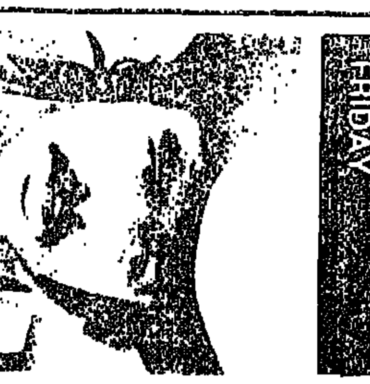
This week's TV/radio schedule SEPTEMBER 5–SEPTEMBER 11

FRIDAY


Burt Reynolds TV, 22.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio news **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **13.30** Radio News **13.35** This is It (repeat) **14.30** Bicycle Racing **14.55** Music Throughout the Ages (part 15) **16.00** A New Evening – Shabbat magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.30 News roundup
16.32 Love Boat
17.20 Songs
17.30 Arabic film
19.20 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with Shabbat songs
20.05 Shabbat Eve Programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
21.15 Interview Evening – introduced by Meni Peer
22.15 Deliverance: John Boorman's 1972 film stars Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty
24.00 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
18.00 French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Open All Hours **21.10** Finder of Lost Loves **22.00** News in English **22.20** Play of the Week
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
13.30 Woody Woodpecker **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: Back to Britain **16.30** Heathcliff **17.00** Super Book **17.30** Muppets ...

SATURDAY

Faye Dunaway TV, 22.30

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes
16.00 Buck Rogers
16.50 News roundup
17.00 Tirour secret, French suspense serial (part 1)
18.00 The Human Mosaic (part 5)
18.30 Magicians with Stars
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at **20.00** with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danza, Judith Light and Elyssa Milano: A Rash Decision
20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Sports – Match of the Day
22.30 Christopher Columbus. Part 1 of a 6-part docu-drama starring Faye Dunaway, Oliver Reed and Max Von Sydow
23.30 Entertainment with Paul Daniels and his guests
00.10 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Duty Free **21.10** Bestseller **22.00** News in English **22.20** Jordan Weekly **22.35** Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.00 Flash Gordon **13.30** The Littles **14.00** Flipper **14.30** Rainbow Adventure **15.00** Sports **20.00** Wrestling **21.00** Movie. Sugarland Express **23.00** 700 Club

SUNDAY

Yaron London TV, 22.35

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** No Secrets **14.45** Hello Israel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Rehov Sumsum **16.30** Murphy's Mob **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Cowboy in Africa. Part 3
18.20 Cartoons
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 What's the Answer?
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with a news roundup
20.02 Till Pop
21.00 Mabat Newsreel and Overseas Sports Review
21.45 Dynasty.
22.35 Quotation Mark. Literature programme hosted by Yaron London
23.15 Tales from the Dark Side: The Odds
23.40 News
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.00 Woody Woodpecker **12.30** Westbrook Hospital **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Good News **14.00** Arabic Movie **15.30** Treasure Island **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Punky Brewster **17.30** Silver Spoons **18.00** 17th Annual Gospel Music Dove Awards **21.00** Movie: Captain Lightfoot **22.30** Good News

MONDAY

Tom Selleck Middle East TV, 20.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.40** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** 100 Famous Paintings **14.25** Making Magic **14.50** Surprise Train **15.10** Family Hour **15.55** Beau Geste (part 6) **16.25** Gulliver in Lilliput (part 2) **17.00** A New Evening
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Alice in Wonderland.
18.00 Shmil the Cat's Club
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Programme Trailer
18.35 Sports
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with a news roundup
20.02 The Jesse Owens Story. Part 2 of a 4-part serial
20.45 Beauty Spot – tips on hikes and trips
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Yes, Prime Minister.
22.00 This is the Time
22.50 Bergerac – suspense series
23.45 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Growing Pains **20.10** Moonlighting **21.00** News in English **21.20** Crown Court

TUESDAY

Shirley Temple Educational TV, 14.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Little Colonel – film starring Shirley Temple **15.30** Les Sylphides, ballet to music by Chopin **16.00** Touring Israel – with Sefi Ben Yosef **16.15** Near Ones and Dear Ones **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 News for Young Children
18.00 The Bagthorpe Saga. Part 2 of a 6-part comedy series
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Starting Point – meetings between Arab and Jewish youth
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with a news roundup
20.02 Word Mosaic – TV game, introduced by Dudu Topaz
20.30 Don't Wait Up – comedy series starring Nigel Havers, Tony Britton and Dinah Sheridan
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment
22.20 Edge of Darkness. Part 4 of a 6-part BBC suspense serial, starring Bob Peck and Joanne Whalley
23.15 Music – Piano Sonata by Scarlatti
23.45 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Music Box **20.30** Alfred Hitchcock **21.00** News in English **21.20** The Equalizer
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Johnny Angel **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Battlestar Galactica **18.00** News **19.00** Riptide **20.00** Simon & Simon **21.00** Airwolf **22.00** 700 Club

WEDNESDAY

Romy Schneider TV, 22.05

TV

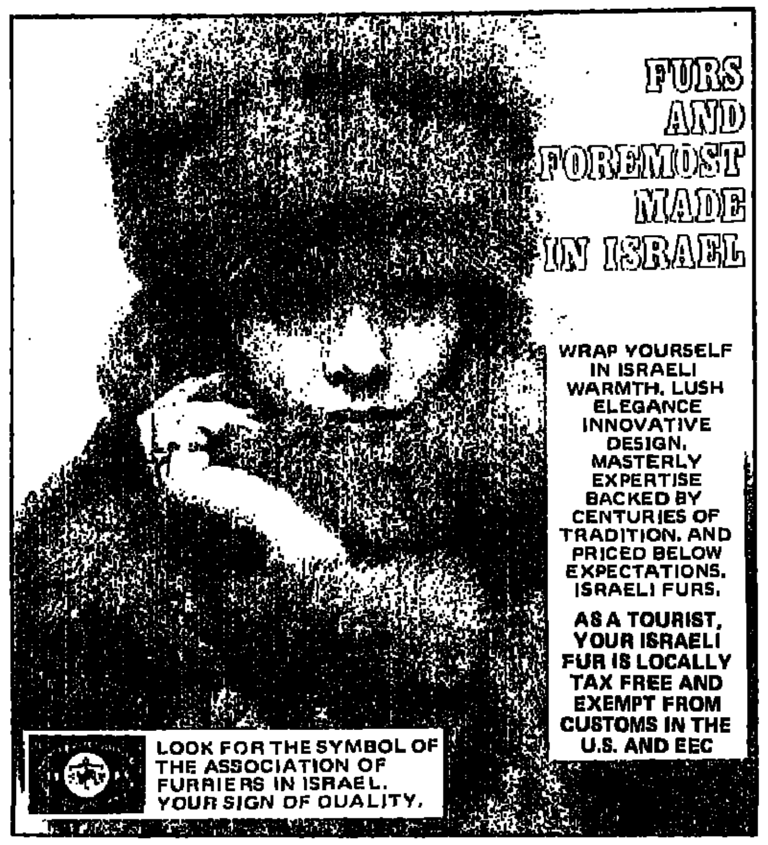
EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Time Tunnel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Pretty Butterfly **16.25** TV Game **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Literature and Culture Magazine
19.00 Health Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with a news roundup
20.02 From the Movies – cinema magazine
20.30 Religion Programme
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 Otley. Dick Clement's 1969 suspense comedy stars Tom Courtenay and Romy Schneider
23.30 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Three's Company **20.10** Believe It or Not **21.00** News in English **21.20** Sword of Honour
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Berlin Express **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Super Book **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Buck Rogers **18.00** News **19.00** A-Team **20.00** Remington Steele **21.00** Cagney & Lacey **22.00** 700 Club

THURSDAY

Meir Shalev TV, 22.25

TV

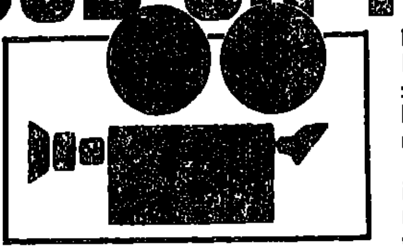
EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Jews of Ethiopia **14.40** Laurel and Hardy **15.00** Tau Tau (part 10) **15.25** Rehov Sumsum **16.00** This is It – live magazine **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Democracy on Trial – public trial, starring lawyers and high school pupils
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 TV Magazine
19.00 Meeting – current affairs
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at **20.00** with a news roundup
20.02 Mabat Sport
20.45 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 China – The Long March: documentary
22.25 Newspaper Report
22.40 Space. Part 6 of a 13-part drama serial about the U.S. space research programme. Starring James Garner, Bruce Dern and Michael York
23.25 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Amanda's **20.10** 55 Lime Street **21.00** News in English **21.20** Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Blood on the Moon **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Lucy **17.30** WKRP **18.00** News **19.00** Hardcastle & McCormack **20.00** Sixty Minutes **21.00** Moonlighting **22.00** 700 Club



TEL AVIV SERVICES

Cinema Dan Fainaru

BAD BLOOD ON THE LIDO



I THINK I have mentioned before that Venice is not my favourite film festival. Not because of the films, heaven forbid. They are the only reason I keep coming back. What I abhor is the kind of intentional confusion the management here sees fit to throw its guests into from the minute they arrive, as if nervous tension is a required state of mind for watching movies.

It can be a minor but infuriating irritation such as telling you that your room has been booked in one hotel only to discover, on arrival, after leaving your address with all your associates at home, that you are in another. Or it can be the major annoyance of being classified as a journalist not on the basis of your knowledge, interests or style, but by your national identity.

As far as the director Gian-Luigi Rondi is concerned, the journalists coming to his festival (he most definitely considers it his) are divided into two categories: Europeans and others.

The Europeans, of course, are the cream, the intellectual giants for whom such events exist. A special card has been created for them, not only allowing them access to more agreeable screening schedules, but permitting them to see more films profitably.

THE OTHERS are second-class citizens, no matter that some of them are at least as erudite as, if not more than, their European colleagues. They have to be satisfied with what they get, and if there are some films they can't see – ah well, that's life.

An official complaint on the matter was lodged with the festival. The entire press was scandalized by the weird decision, and finally what had to happen of course happened. New accreditations were issued to the complainants, including yours truly, who was very proud to be, for once, in a coalition with his Arab neighbours.

The incident is closed, but the bad blood is still there. The feeling that somebody was trying to put one over you is inevitable.

Had anyone given sufficient thought beforehand to this clumsy idea, he would of course have realized that no other outcome was possible. But that's typical Venice for you, a lesson in how not to win friends and entertain relations.

ANOTHER strange Venetian feature is that the festival starts two days before it is supposed to. That's to say the Italian media and anybody clever enough to latch on to them, see films before the official opening.

Thus, when the curtains do go up, you have to start a crazy race to catch up with the films you missed because they were shown too early. This is what happened last year, with *Shoah*, triggering an official complaint from the International Film Press Federation, which annoyed the festival at the time, but not enough to change its habits.

ONCE THE cream of cinema events, then cast into oblivion, first by World War II and a second time by film politicians tearing it apart, Venice is desperately trying to recapture its past glory, at the expense of its greatest and mightiest rival, Cannes.

It works on several levels. Rondi, still an active journalist on top of his official position with the festival, seems to have expressed some very harsh judgments about Cannes and its organization. Before the festival started, he was trumpeting what he considers his real victory this year. "We have broken the barrier of fear. The Americans are here."

For those who have forgotten, the terrorist threats and the Libyan promises to harm every U.S. citizen, kept most American stars, directors, distributors and businessmen away *from Cannes*. Now, *some of them* have confirmed their arrival at the Venice Lido.

And this festival, which pretends to be exclusively cultural, can't help basking in promises of glamour, since that carries with it hundreds of pages of illustrated reports, not to mention heavy TV coverage.

Then there is something else. All those big names the festival is making so much of, such as *Big Troubles in Little China, Aliens, Legal Eagles*, and other American blockbusters, aren't even included in the main programme but in a separate section entitled *Venezia Giovani* (Young Venice), another kind of paternalist attitude adopted to deal with a moral embarrassment.

The big American companies that have produced these films stubbornly refuse to have them in competition. They don't want their products to run against others on a quality basis and come up less than winners.

One solution, adopted by Cannes, is to take the best and feature them in the main programme, out of competition (Woody Allen is usually in that position). Venice, however, wants as many of these items as it can muster, and since quality can't be uniform, and some of the films have already been received by the American press with less than unanimous acclaim, the solution was to create a section specially for them.

One wonders whether the American companies really thought seriously before letting their films be unspooled in this section. But then, maybe they know better than I do what helps their distribution and what doesn't, which is all that counts.

THE FIRST item on the agenda this year was two short films made by Orson Welles, and dug up as a tribute to the late American actor-director.

The first is a portrait of Gina Lollobrigida, done in the Fifties for American television. Naturally, it isn't really about Lollo at her peak, as it was supposed to be, but rather about Welles, philosophizing about the Italian woman, the qualities of Italian actors, the peculiarity of being better known abroad than at home (Welles himself knew quite a bit about that) and about the art of public discussion in Rome.

There are interviews with Rosano Brazzi and Vittorio de Sica, conducted by Welles in such an overpowering manner that all the poor men can do is agree with him, and at the end there is a bit of Gina herself, bitching about Italian taxes and the Italian press and being so professionally cute you suspect that Welles had to rehearse the whole scene most carefully.

As a piece of Welles extravaganza it was pleasant to watch. However, the companion piece to this TV show was pretty much of a disappointment. Earlier reports referred to a revolutionary discovery in one of the Paramount vaults: some 18-20 hours shot by Welles in 1942 in Brazil. This material was never edited because he was brutally yanked back to the States, with his crew, before he could finish the film he was making, entitled *It's All True*.

In film annals this is still considered a great tragedy, and the news that not all the material he shot had been destroyed aroused great excitement. But what we were offered was a typical documentary, made in Los Angeles by the American Film Institute, about how the footage was found, the story behind the production, the people involved, and why it was killed. Very little of the real footage was unveiled. It will probably take years to piece it all together, but one couldn't help feeling a bit cheated.

SINCE THIS is being written while the festival is in its first stages, it isn't possible to do much more than mention the titles that have whetted every film critic's appetite.

There are new films by Eric Rohmer and Alain Resnais from France, both the kind of directors the Israeli distributors can live very well without and sadly, that's what they have been doing most of the time. Another French movie, about black jazzmen in Paris, *Around Midnight*, probably will be shown, for the very simple reason that an American company is handling it.

There is a new Angelopoulos, the Greek director whose special visual style and narrative approach have become an institution. This time he has Marcello Mastroianni playing the lead.

There is a new adaptation, after the tremendous success of *A Passage to India*, of another of E. M. Forster's novels, *A Room with a View*, whose status rather embarrasses the authorities here, for no film is supposed to be shown in an important festival like Venice after it has been distributed out of its native country, but James Ivory's picture, presented as British, is already a hit with American audiences.

There is also Mike Nichols's *Heartburn*, whose stars, Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, guarantee its success, whatever the quality and there's a new TV film by Ingmar Bergman, who seems to have forgotten his pledge to stop making films. No one is complaining.

There is no film from Israel, which is no surprise. Israel's presence has been the exception rather than the rule on the Lido. Still, in a roundabout way, we are here. A German film by director Peter Lillienthal was not only shot in Israel, but is based on a novel by A. B. Yehoshua, *The Poet's Silence*.

When he was in Israel, Lillienthal begged not to be asked to talk about the project that was still in the process of being created. Now, finally, there is a chance to see it finished.

In spite of everything, there will be a whiff of home air, for a spell, even on the Lido. □

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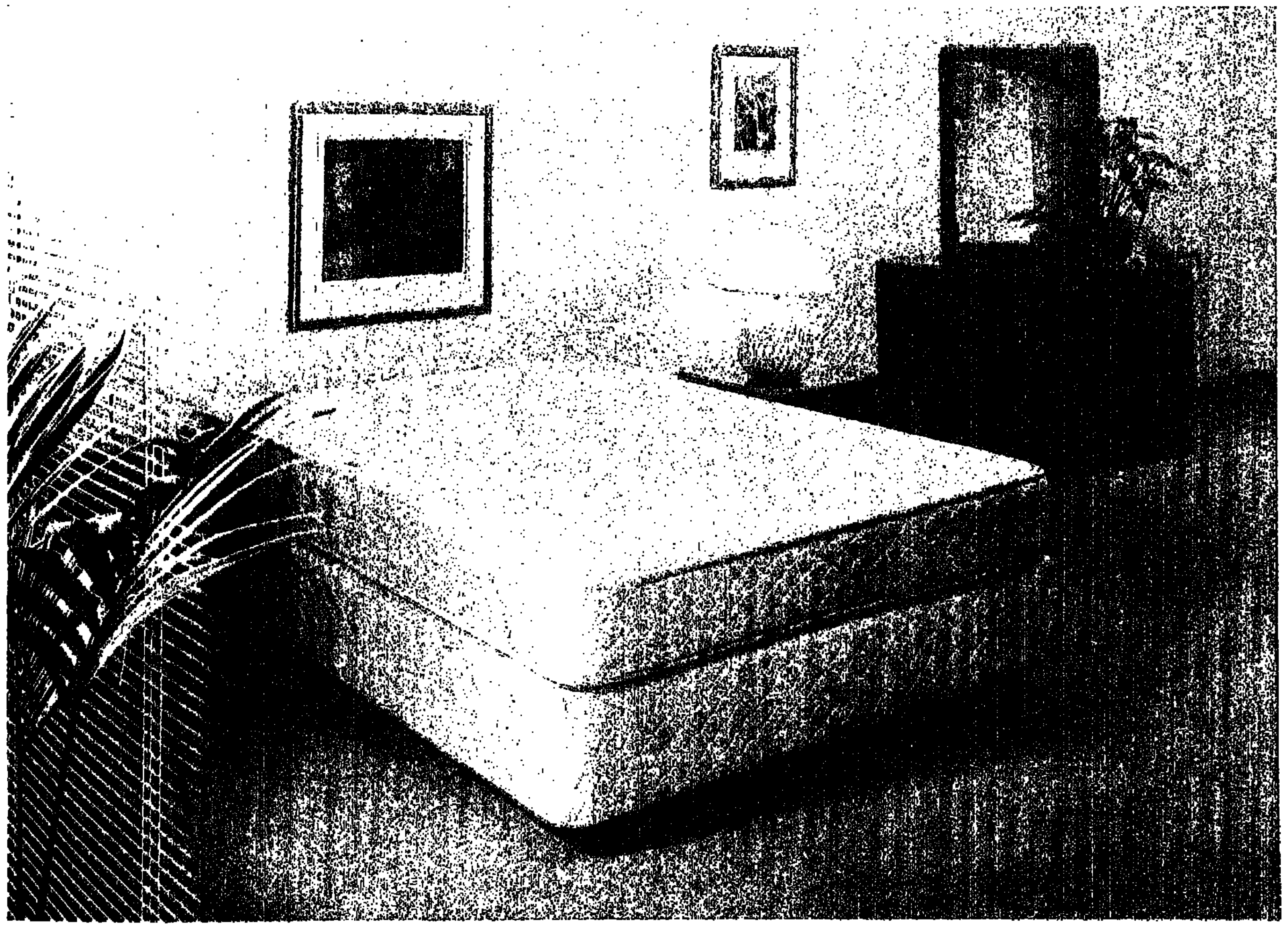

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Crossword

Two-in-one

ACROSS

1 The slogan is "Stop, thief!" maybe (5-6)
7 Stand in—one taking part in Roman race (7)
8 Clutching pieces of crab for the boys . . . (7)
10 . . . And one copy of a paper published for children . . . (5)
11 . . . Giving some indication of "Things to Come" (9)
12 Plays the part of a receiver! (7)
14 Baldwin'd left some, but it will get less (7)
15 Such cash reserves? Indeed! (7)
18 Coarsely throw something, having been in front and made a hash of it (7)
20 Warlike ringer in charge, so turn for quarter (9)
21 Holds us up when we've got down, as it were (5)
22 A punishment for using one's tongue (7)
23 Followed, as something went ahead or flew behind (7)
24 Occupied just for show (7, 4)

DOWN

1 Commander embraces a girl long known and loved by many! (7)
2 Rubbish food? (5)
3 Knots may mean problems (7)
4 Number one old county division! (7)
5 Landing in water? He may be either (9)
6 Went in the other thing! (7)
7 Two old brothers, balanced in a strange position (4, 3, 4)
9 U.S. needed triple right cross—but gave in (11)
13 Killer keeping irritation under control (9)
16 But doesn't make a pet for Eskimos! (7)
17 However unkempt finally, produced a notion (7)
18 To live, we must eat herb mixture (7)
19 Piece of literature all about bad feet (7)
21 Madden one? It's all the rage (5)

Quickie

ACROSS

1 Start fighting (4, 2, 5)
7 E.g., use a ruler (7)
8 Quite without religion (7)
10 Curved sword (5)
11 Sudden brilliant idea (9)
12 Small boat (7)
14 Endure something (5, 2)
15 Meals (7)
18 The part left over (7)
20 Fanatical criminal (9)
21 Talent, or gift (5)
22 Unmoor a vessel (4, 3)
23 Charms (7)
24 Famous carol (6, 5)

DOWN

1 Place for torture (7)
2 Small animal (5)
3 Shake (7)
4 They ask for alms (7)
5 Term for long-gone times (5, 4)
6 Attendant of a ship (7)
7 Appraises operas, etc. (5, 6)
9 Young lovers (11)
13 Medicinal liquid (6, 3)
16 Over-fastidious people (7)
17 Become rigid (7)
18 Teach a new skill (7)
19 Form of speech (7)
21 Threw (5)

Yesterday's Solutions

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OPERATIONS  B B
 U O A W U GALA
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 T L K S JUNKET
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LADDERS SCIENCE
A O  DAVIT  G D
SHUT  P L  TOGO
H B  SINKS  U R
ILLWIND SHUTTLE
N I  O   U R
GINGER T T E A
O G  TAILORMADE
URUS E T F O Z
T F  REINFORCES
```

ACROSS: 1 Milking, 5 Heard, 8 Towel, 9 Largess, 10 Refectory, 12 Die, 13 Denote, 14 Aspect, 17 Sin, 18 Dissected, 20 Orifice, 21 Crumb, 23 Tyrol, 24 Torment DOWN: 1 Meter, 2 Low, 3 Illicit, 4 Gallop, 5 Hardy, 6 Amendment, 7 Dissent, 11 Financier, 13 Distort, 15 Spencer, 16 Assent, 18 Drill, 19 Debit, 22 Use.

The New York Times crossword now appears with the New York Times Weekly Review in Monday's Jerusalem Post.

Nature

HEALER AND DESTROYER

D'vora Ben Shaul

IN MOST Western countries a sprig of mistletoe over the doorway at Christmas gives a man the right to kiss any lady he manages to catch beneath it. Needless to say, we don't have this custom in Israel, but we do have the plant.

Mistletoe is a parasite plant that grows on old olive trees, and on deciduous trees like the yew and almond, where it is more easily seen, since the shiny green clump stands out starkly after the branches have shed their leaves. Nestled in the leaves of the evergreen olive, it is hard to see.

The mistletoe plant is spread by seeds that come to rest on the branch of a tree, usually near the junction of two branches. There it rests until the rain causes it to sprout. It sends thin filaments of root into the bark of the tree, piercing the outer layers and attaching itself directly to the nutritional channels. There it grows into a clump that looks like a small bush in a tree. It has small, round, greenish fruit.

The parasite naturally has an easier time if there is already a wound, crack or other damage to the bark, making it easier for the root-tendrils to get into the trunk. For this reason, it is far more commonly found on old trees than on young ones.

IN ISRAEL, mistletoe is mainly found in the Galilean and Jerusalem hills, most commonly on old olive trees that have not been pruned for a decade or more. It used to grow in vast quantities on the olive trees in the Valley of the Cross in Jerusalem before development destroyed most of the area.

In Europe, the most common variety is the white mistletoe which has very pale leaves and white fruit, and principally parasitizes apple and oak trees. But all along the Mediterranean basin, you find both the local type and a hybrid of the two kinds.

Mistletoe has an honoured place in folk medicine and in dozens of languages it is referred to as "all-healer."

Tradition has it that it is particularly potent against certain disorders of the nervous system. In recent years, there has been a great deal of interest in the plant because of the claims of some naturopaths and herbalists that it arrests the growth of malignant tumours. □

This Week in Israel·Th

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2. PASSAGE THROUGH CHINA, the Jewish Communities of Harbin, Tientsin and Shanghai.

EVENTS
1. "ZELIG". Woody Allen's satire film. Starring Woody Allen, Mia Farrow. Dir: Woody Allen. In English and in Hebrew.
Sunday, Sep. 7, at 8.30 pm.
Admission fee: NIS 4.- for members of friends Association NIS 3.-.
2. Screening of the film "The House on Garibaldi Street" - and a discussion in Hebrew with the author of the book Isser Harel, as part of a series of study evenings marking 25 years since the Eichmann trial. Moderator: Dr. Dina Porat. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Dir.: Peter Colinson. Starring: Haim Topol, Janet Sussman, Martin Balsam.
Tuesday, Sep. 9, at 8:00 pm.
Admission : NIS 4.-, for members of Friends Associaton NIS 3.-.
3. Holidays - the Holiday as a National Asset. Kol Israel recording of the radio program: Jewish World - a magazine on Israel and the Diaspora. Moderator: Esther Barzel. The evening will be in Hebrew.
Wednesday, Sep. 10, at 7 pm.

From Broadway and London:
The Premier of "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT", by Eugene O'Neil. Director: Jonathan Miller. Starring Jack Lemmon and full supporting cast. "Habimah" Theatre, Saturday, October 18th, 1986, at 8:30 pm.
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CINEMA
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Screening hours this week:

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Sat. Sep. 6 at 6 pm.
Sun.—Thurs. Sep. 7—11 at 1 pm.

PART II
Sun.—Thurs. Sep. 7—11 at 6.30 pm.

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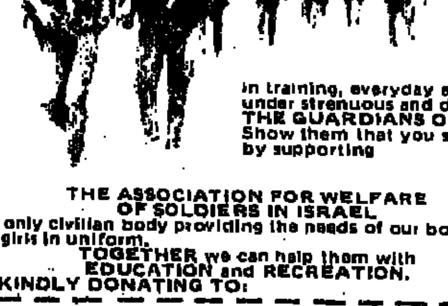

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This Week in Israel

TV & radio highlights

Greer Fay Cashman

AGAINST THE ELEMENTS

Four men fighting for survival on a river in tonight's film, 'Deliverance.'

THROUGHOUT recorded history there have been countless tales of human beings pitting their strength and endurance against the elements. Man, even at the height of his fear, takes an arrogant stance of superiority. No matter how steep the mountain, how fierce the rain, how deep and heavy the snow or how winding and dangerous the river - he can beat them all. Tonight's 10:15 feature, *Deliverance*, is about four men in two canoes fighting for survival in a river running through the Appalachian mountains. The strong wind and the rapids are not their only enemies. The heart-pounding production based on the novel by James Dickey stars Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty and Ronny Cox. The Warner Bros. film produced and directed by John Boorman was released in 1972.

MICHELE MORGAN plays the lead role of Colette in the French suspense serial *Tiroir Secret* (The Secret Drawer) which begins at 5 tomorrow. Colette is the widow of Andre who was killed in a plane crash. However, after she discovers a secret drawer, she begins to suspect that Andre is still alive.

ANOTHER SERIAL, starting at 10:30 p.m., is the six-part, star-studded production *Christopher Columbus* with Gabriel Byrne in the title role supported by Rossano Brazzi, Virna Lisi, Oliver Reed, Raf Vallone, Max Von Sydow, Eli Wallach, Nicol Williamson, Faye Dunaway, Audrey Watson and Anne Canovas. Everyone learns in elementary school about the great navigator whose voyage of discovery changed the course of history, but few people can speak knowledgeably about Christopher Columbus about whom many myths and legends have been woven. Though film and television productions usually have a tendency to stretch or distort the truth, this production seeks to find the truth.

DEMOCRACY was the central theme of the education network during the last school year, and it will be given equal prominence this year. It is the key subject of the English language magazine programme *Hello Israel* which will be screened on Educational Television at 3:15 on Sunday.

ON MONDAY at 2:10 ETV's feature film *The House at 12 Rose Street* focuses on racial intolerance. The Franklins, a black family, moves to a new neighbourhood in which everyone else is white. From the moment they settle into their house they learn what it means to be obstracized.

ETV IS continuing with its Shirley Temple festival, and at 2:15 on Tuesday will present *The Little Colonel*. The story, set in the immediate aftermath of the American Civil War, is about the daughter of a Southern colonel who falls in love with a soldier in the Union Army. Her father disapproves of the match and casts her out of his home. Years later, she returns with her small daughter to live in a house adjoining her father's estate. The little girl tries to bridge the gap between her mother and her grandfather.

A NEW MONTHLY programme titled *Points of Origin* begins on Arabic television at 6:32 on Tuesday. A studio talk show between Arabs and Jews, it will be conducted in both Arabic and Hebrew with simultaneous translation. A different subject of mutual interest will be introduced on each programme. Participants the first time around will talk about cassette recording stars, Eastern music and its relationship to original Arab music, as well as social and cultural influences to which both Arabs and Jews are subjected. Moderator is Zohir Bahalul.

THE FRIGHTFULLY British comedy series *Don't Wait Up* makes its Israel debut at 8:30 on Tuesday. Viewers who tune in regularly to JTV have already seen it. A sophisticated series about a Harley Street consultant on the brink of divorce who moves in with his GP son who has just gone through a divorce, the BBC production never runs short of new situations to raise a laugh. Appearing as the two doctors Latimer are Tony Britton and Nigel Havers. Written by George Layton, the series seems determined to prove that if anything can go wrong it will go wrong: and if things are bad already, they can get a lot worse.

THE RELIGIOUS programme at 8:30 on Wednesday is concerned with the fostering of Jewish identity in state secular schools. High school headmasters get together with other educators to discuss how to convey a sense of Jewish identity in schools which are not religious.

TOM COURTNEY and Romy Schneider play the main characters in Wednesday's 10:15 feature film *Otley* of a ne'er-do-well who blunders into a murder and becomes involved in a major blackmail plot. The story is very complex and requires concentration if the viewer is to weave the improbabilities together to figure out where this suspense thriller is going.

THURSDAY BRINGS us two significant documentaries. The first on ETV at 2:15 is *Exodus from Ethiopia*, which traces the great journey of Ethiopian Jews from the small village of their birth to absorption centres in Israel and finally to homes of their own in Kiryat Malachi. The second on ITV at 9:30, is one of the most dramatic sagas of this century: *China – The Long March*. The Australian-made production retraces the epic journey made in October 1934 by 100,000 Chinese Communist men and women who trekked across China for a whole year; covering a distance of 11,200 kilometres. The Long March went through eleven provinces, across 24 raging rivers, over 18 snow-capped mountain ranges and through swamps and forests. The marchers had to fight the Nationalist armies, the troops of the provincial warlords, local bandits and hostile tribesmen.

IN NEXT WEEK'S Friday feature, John Wayne for a change does not appear as a cowboy or the federal marshall of some wild west town. He does, however, appear as a lawman in *McQ* in which he plays a big, tough detective in search of a murderer.

YITZHAK LIVNI'S guest on radio's Network Two tonight at 11:05 is *Ha'aretz* editor Matti Golan. The two will talk about Golan's failed attempt to revive the Independent Liberals; what makes a senior journalist go into politics; the division of responsibility between Golan and *Ha'aretz* Editor-in-Chief Gershom Schocken; innovations at *Ha'aretz* and what still needs to be done; and the paper's relationship to other Schocken publications such as *Hadashot*, and the Tel Aviv weekly *Ha'Ir*. Livni will also seek Golan's opinion on aggressive and sensational reporting.

THE RADIO DRAMA at noon tomorrow on the Voice of Music is *Home*. The story is about four mentally disturbed people – two middle-aged men and two women – who, though confined to an institution, try to find some human warmth in each other's company. None of them wants to be alone. The cast includes Yossi Yadin, Yehuda Efroni, David Smadar, Ada Tal and Dahlia Friedland.

NETWORK ONE'S radio drama at 6 tomorrow evening is *The Trap* – a typical Russian spy story. Sergei meets Saposznikov after years of separation. The latter was arrested in 1938 by the KGB. The two men eagerly try to catch up on lost time and more importantly, they try to work out who informed against Saposznikov. The production features Pinchas Koren, Albert Cohen, Varda Farnak and Ilan Dar.

THE PROGRAMME series *Apple and Tree*, which deals with relationships or gaps in relationships between parents and their offspring, returns at 10:05 on Sunday night to Network One. The first programme in the new series is centred on the new school year. The studio panel available to answer listeners' questions includes clinical educational psychologist Dr. Amiram Raviv; the deputy chairman of the Education Ministry's pedagogic secretariat Binyamin Amir; and the administrative supervisor of the Education Ministry Yehoshua Yadlin. Listeners can phone in their questions from 9:30 p.m. onwards to 03-266225. □

هكذا من الأصل

Albrecht Dürer: wood engraving (Mayer Institute, Jerusalem).

Dürer in Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

A MUSEUM of Islamic Art, in Jewish Jerusalem, seems an unlikely venue for a show of profoundly Christian woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528), the great Nuremberg-born artist and thinker who wedded Italian Renaissance art to the traditions of the North. It was after Dürer returned to his native town from Italy in 1495 that he made the three great series of woodcuts now impeccably displayed at the Mayer Memorial Institute for Islamic Art: "The Great Passion"; "The Life of Mary"; and "The Apocalypse."

The reason for this odd conjunction is prosaic; the prints were part of the estate of the late Vera Bryce Salamons of London, who established the foundation that administers the Mayer Institute of Islamic Art. "Extras" from the series on view here were recently sold off by the Institute to help pay its bills, much to the dismay of several members of the Israel management committee, who, for this and other reasons reported earlier, have since resigned. This show has been long promised and may be seen as placating some of the many critics of the Institute.

As an engraver of drypoint, pushing a burin *ahead* of his hand on a copper plate, Dürer has no peer, before or since. His mastery of the "white-line" wood engraving (in which the ink is laid on the surface of the marks remaining on the woodblock, rather than being forced into the grooves of a copper plate) is equally impressive: in many ways he comes in ahead of the great Japanese woodblock artists, who did not cut their blocks themselves.

But Dürer was not just a great technician, but an artist and humanist on many different levels. He interpreted the New Testament much in the manner of Luther and garbed all his players in contemporary dress; even his Whore of Babylon was based on the costume of a courtesan he had seen in Venice. He not only took notes of places and dress on his travels, but took the trouble to meet many of the great minds of his day. His engravings sum up all his acquired knowledge of nature, drawing, proportion, architecture, perspective, geometry and even town planning.

For me, the most moving works in the show are the prints of The Great Passion, a depiction of the last agonized days of Jesus before the Crucifixion. Some of them are closeups, "cropped" out of unseen larger scenes, giving the figures a special monumentality. Of special interest to the Jerusalem visitor may be the fact that there is no trace at all of anti-Semitic depiction; and in The Last Supper we do not even see the face of Judas, only his back and his hand clutching the bag of silver. The cruelty in the faces of Jesus's torturers is the cruel face of mankind.

One of the revelations of the show is to be found in the observation of the beautiful linear landscapes that pop up in the background or at the foot of various works (note in particular the one in St. Michael and the Dragon of the Apocalypse series). They seem entirely modern; and elegant and minimal enough to be Japanese. They are at once deocrative and organic, figurative and rhythmical. Here is Dürer the artist way ahead of his time. □

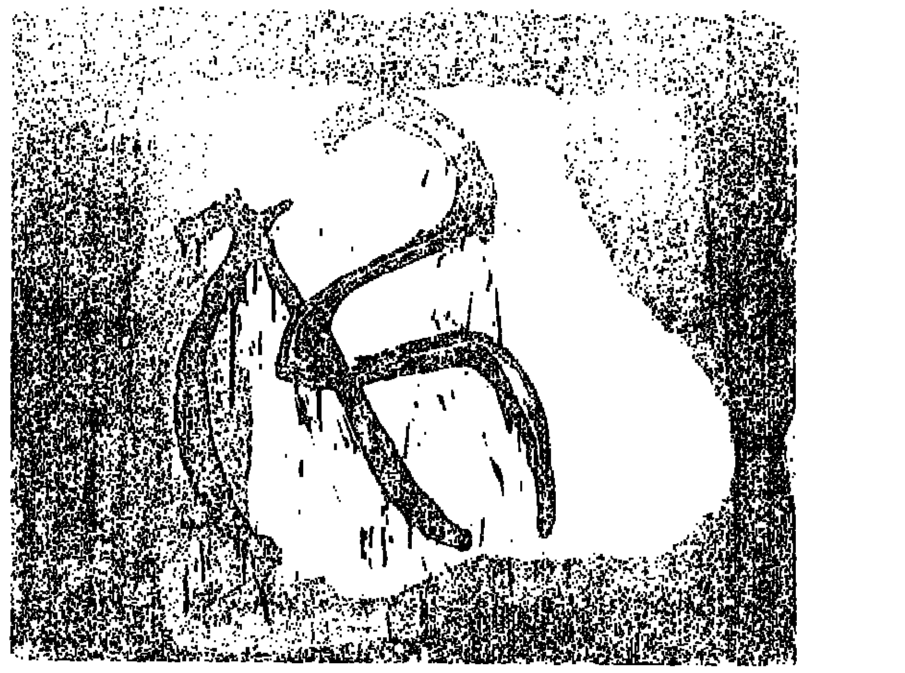
Signs and symbols

Gil Goldfine

SEVERAL OF **Yossef Halevi's** "Signs and Symbols" are free-hand interpretations of the liturgical markings used for chanting portions from the Tora. Enlarged virtually beyond recognition, Halevi's markings take on other meanings and other qualities, some mystical, others historical. From these definitive, traditional, characters calligraphic brushmarks suggest images from a diversified list of sources that includes alchemists' journals, A R. Penck and Robert Motherwell. In describing the abstract and the natural, Halevi proves to be an excellent colourist. His control of subdued earth tones and greyed hues resembles Rothko's applied layers of translucent shades. One is taken by the fusion of deep indian red with pure ochres, or deep indigo with velvety cool blacks.

The combination of softly coloured fields with no harsh edges, oscillating within the outer borders of the canvas, act as backdrops for the sharpened, extremely impulsive linear drawings. The single flat sign placed squarely on the delicate field invokes a feeling that Halevi is straddling the cultures of East and West; and sitting quite comfortably between them. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

PINCHAS COHEN GAN has put together a group show of works by recent graduates of the Bezalel Academy's Department of Fine Arts. One's immediate impression is that the participants are in the throes of investigating the options in making art and that materials and techniques seem to be as important as the end product and its content. Although there are several interesting pieces the exhibit is a mixed bag. However, good vibrations emanate from several of the works. **Lawrence Levy** is moving towards being a "painterly-painter," in that his two canvases show a remarkable facility for the application of pigment. Levy's content edges towards the grand gesture of Baconesque mechanisms as volumetric appendages thrust and crawl within confined, but well-defined, spaces. While a bit muddy on the palette, it is easy to look sideways and enjoy his determined effort to create an ongoing dialogue between his sensitivities, pigment, colour and canvas. **Dalit Sharon** has installed a low-relief wall picture, "The Music Lesson," a poor tongue-in-cheek adaptation of the great Moma Matisse. Without her bold assumption, the viewer could even get interested in the installation on its own merits, but the insistence on the comparison or seeing parallels puts one off quickly. **Naomi Tannhauser's** thickly applied impasto panels are Futurist, inspired by the historical style as bits of Severini and Balla trickle into the compositions and colour schemes, highlighted by dayglo reds and white gel mixtures; all describe urban landscapes. Large reflective perspective sheets are the vehicle for applied drawings by **Ziv** whose contorted images project ideas of a life cycle or the transformation of thing "A" into thing "B".



Yossef Halevi: painting (Mabat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Lawrence Levy: painting (Maimad Gallery, Tel Aviv).

An angular corner installation by **Amir Azulai** contains stacked paintings above constructed metal screens. Neither the assemblage nor the painting indicates originality and the total effort falls apart because of lack of concentration on the basics for the sake of "hype." Others showing include: **David Bachur, Nicola Koren, Amnon Ben Ami.** (Maimad Visual Art Gallery, 27 Pinsker, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 11.

AVI EZRA tries hard to collate his mystical diaries into understandable surrealist pictures. Using an India ink and brush wash technique, his inadequate drawing on paper revolves around an unrealized male portrait rendered incomplete by omission of nose, chin and ears. This ghost figure is surrounded by contour cartoons of little "folk", connecting tubes and spurts of abstract grey wash. Ezra shows little aptitude for art in general and drawing in particular. (Small Gallery, Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 19. □

DON'T WASTE PRECIOUS NATURAL RESOURCES SAVE WATER

هكذا من الأصل

Cinemas

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON
Tel. 247587

Fri. 2, Sat. 7:15
EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
Fri. 3:45: A CHORUS LINE
Sat. 6: JOURNEY OF NATTY GANN
Sat. 9:30: YEAR OF THE DRAGON
Sat. 12 midnight: MONTY PYTHON – LIFE OF BRIAN

EDEN Tel. 223829
3rd week
THE HITCHER
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

EDISON Tel. 221444/5
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HABIRA Tel. 232366
5th week
Fri. 2:30; Sat. 9 p.m., 11
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
New Israeli film
English subtitles

KFIR Tel. 242523
2nd week
PRETTY IN PINK
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
RUTHLESS ROMANCE
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 7:15, 9:30

ORGIL Tel. 234176
4th week
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Sat. 9:30 p.m
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
8th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Sat. 8:50
Weekdays 4:30, 8:30
Please note screening hours

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
2nd week
AGNES OF GOD
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

ORNA Tel. 224733
EUROPEAN VACATION
Saturday 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

RON Tel. 234704
POWER
* RICHARD GERE
* GENE HACKMAN
* JULIE CHRISTIE
Saturday 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

SEMADAR Tel. 633742
3rd week
TURTLE DIARY
Sat. 9:15
Weekdays 7, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
JAGGED EDGE
Saturday 9:15
Weekdays 7:30, 9:30

TEL AVIV

ALLENBY Tel. 657820
Dr. ZHIVAGO
Friday 10 p.m.
Saturday 9 p.m
Weekdays 5, 8:30

BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
5th week
LOST IN AMERICA
Fri. 2:30, 11:15
Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m.

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
2nd week
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
* TOM CRUISE
* KELLY McGILLIS
TOP GUN
A Tony Scott film

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
3rd week
Sunday 8:30
ZELIG
* WOODY ALLEN

CHEN 1
Tel. 282288
4th week
Touchstone Films present
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7:45, 9:55
Weekdays 2:30, 5, 7:35, 9:55
BLACK CAULDRON
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 2
9th week
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 5, 7:40, 9:40
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 3
Israel Premiere
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:10
Sat. 7:50, 9:50
THE UGLY DUCKLING
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 4
10th week
SPIES LIKE US
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12:10
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 5, 7:40, 9:50
THE JOURNEY OF NATTY GANN
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 5
POLICE ACADEMY III
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:50, 9:50
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 5:10, 7:45, 9:45
DUMBO
Sat. 11 a.m.

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
FLASH POINT
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
2nd week
FUNNY FARM
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

DEKEL Tel. 454114
2nd week
MURPHY'S ROMANCE
* JAMES GARNER
* SALLY FIELD
Directed by Martin Ritt
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I
Tel. 200485
15th week
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
* WILLIAM HURT (Winner, Best Actor Academy Award)
* RAUL JULIA
* SONIA BRIGGS
Directed by Hector Babenco
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF II
Tel. 200485
15th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Winner of 3 French "Cesars"
A Comedy with soul!
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF III
Tel. 200485
RAN
Fri. 11 a.m., 10 p.m.,
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 6:30, 9:30

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
POWER
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. and Weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sex film
Fri. 12:15 midnight
Weekdays 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
4th week
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
9th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 3:15, 6:15, 9:15

GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
3rd week
Macaroni
* JACK LEMMON
* MARCELLO MASTROIANI
Film by Ettore Scola
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

HOD
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

INSTITUT FRANÇAIS Tel. 236470
Sat. 7:30
TCHAO PANTIN
Best Actor (Cesar) Award 1984
Hebrew/English subtitles
Tue. 7:30
TIREZ SUR LE PIANISTE
Hebrew subtitles

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Sat. 8:00 p.m
GREGORY'S GIRL
Sat. 9:30 p.m.
HAMMETT

LEV I Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
2nd week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40
He's crazy about her...
He's just crazy...
She's crazy about him...
PRETTY IN PINK

LEV II Tel. 288868
15th week
CREATOR
Fri 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 1:45, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV III Tel. 288868
10th week
TURTLE DIARY
Based on the novel by Russell Hoban
Screenplay by Harold Pinter
* GLENDA JACKSON
* BEN KINGSLEY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays, 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
10th week
MISHIMA
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 9:30 p.m.
Weekdays 9:30 p.m.
WILD CATS
Sat. 7:40 p.m.
Weekdays 1:45, 5, 7:40

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
HITCHCOCK FESTIVAL
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

MAXIM Tel. 287457
SHORT CIRCUIT
Saturday 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

MOGRABI Tel. 298331
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

ORLY Tel. 284025
6th week
RUNAWAY TRAIN
Fri. 10 p.m
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

PARIS Tel. 222282
2nd week
VAGABONDE
An Agnes Varda film
Fri 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30
Friday 4:30: THE GREAT GATSBY
Sat. 1 11:30 p.m.: MONTY PYTHON – TIME BANDITS
Sat. 5 p.m.: HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE
Sat. 1:30 a.m. LIFE IS NO PICNIC

PEER Tel. 443795
5th week
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30.
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
New Israeli film
English subtitles

STUDIO Tel. 295817
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
26th week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 5:15, 9:15
OUT OF AFRICA
Based on a true story
* ROBERT REDFORD
* MERYL STREEP

TAMUZ
Tel. 412761
3rd week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
A Jamie Uys film made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 3: ANNIE HALL
Sat. 4:45: RAGING BULL
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: RUMBLE FISH
Sun., 11:45 p.m.: HIGH ANXIETY
Mon. 11:45 p.m.: AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: MERRY XMAS MR. LAWRENCE
Wed. 11:45 p.m.: MORONS FROM OUTER SPACE
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: A PRIVATE FUNCTION

TCHELET Tel. 443950
2nd week
BIG CHILL
Sat., 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
HAND OF STEEL
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
13th week
SHOAH

ZAFON Tel. 443966
Israel Premiere
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
The most acclaimed film of the year!
* MAGGIE SMITH
* ELLIOT DENHOLM
* JUDI DENCH
* HELENA BONHAM CARTER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

CHEN Tel. 666272
6th week
KARATE KID II
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

KEREN OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
2nd week
SHOAH
(Part II)
Sat. 6; weekdays 1, 6:30
Sat. 11:30 p.m.: THE MAGICIAN FROM LUBLIN
Thur. 11:30 p.m.: BLAZING SADDLES

ORAH Tel. 664017/8
Friday 10 p.m.
LIVE SHOW
Sat. 7:15, 9:15
MIRACLES
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
CREATOR
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

PEER Tel. 662232
4th week
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
9th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9
Children's film
Fri. 11 a.m.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

RAV-GAT 2
2nd week
CRIA CUERVOS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
Children's film
MARY POPPINS
Fri. 11 a.m.

RON Tel. 669069
2nd week
PRETTY IN PINK
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
3rd week
RICOCHETS
Fri. 10 p.m., midnight
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
2nd week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ARMON Tel. 664848
HANDS OF STEEL
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ATZMON Tel. 663003
2nd week
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
* BRIAN BROWN
Fri. 10 p.m.:
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
3rd week
Touchstone Films presents
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:15
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45

LILY Tel. 744238
WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 7, 9:30

Film briefs Dan Fainaru

AFTER HOURS – Martin Scorsese takes you along for one night in downtown New York, more exactly the Village, as seen through the eyes of a typical middle-class bachelor on the make. A kind of modern "Alice in Wonderland," it is loaded with plenty of humour, sometimes verging on the macabre, and conducted with gusto by Scorsese. Griffin Dunne is great as the modern version of Alice, and a series of cameos exploit the talents of Rosanna Arquette, Terri Garr, John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Verna Bloom, Linda Fiorentino and more.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON – This is a John Landis spoof of the classic horror movies. Two sturdy American lads, hiking through the British countryside, fall prey to the famous lycanthropic syndrome. One of them dies in the encounter, the other becomes a werewolf, prowling the London West End at night to the dismay of the British police. The fun and games of the early sequences turns pretty grim as the story goes on, but then it all depends on the audience's sense of humour. There are some grotesque sights, such as a close-up of a man turning into a wolf or the ghost of a past victim appearing in person, flesh and bones, lacerated, to haunt his acquaintance. But the best scene of all is a congregation of ghouls on the back row of a porno house, discussing the vengeance they wish to wreak on their former tormentor. David Naughton and Jenny Agutter play the leads.

ANNIE HALL – Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

BAR 51 – An incestuous love story between a brother and a sister, with the sleazier side of Tel Aviv nightlife as the background. Director Amos Guttman displays yet again his visual imagination, but there is very little in the script to justify the images. Giuliano Mer plays the leading part in a perfectly constipated manner, Semadar Rilchinsky fares much better as the passive sister, and Ada Valerie Tal and Alon Aboutboul supply exotic cameos.

THE BIG CHILL – The sweet-sour meeting of 8 friends who were typical "flower-children" in America during the Sixties. Recommended.

BLAZING SADDLES – Take-off of all those Westerns Hollywood has ever made. Expect anything to happen in this Mel Brooks extravaganza. (At one point Count Bassie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress, playing the theme song amid the desert cactus.) Great stuff.

CHINATOWN – An unorthodox, complicated and rather intriguing thriller set in Los Angeles of the late Thirties with Jack Nicholson as a private eye and Faye Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom he gets involved. Directed by Roman Polanski.

CHORUS LINE – This is the film version of the most successful Broadway musical ever produced, about aspiring actors baring their souls in front of a despotic director, who may or may not pick them for the chorus line of his next production. Written and conceived for the stage, all the efforts by director Sir Richard Attenborough and his editor, John Bloom, can't make it work on the screen. The cast, consisting mostly of unknowns, has lots of talent, but the whole thing turns out like a bloated TV special, glitzy and as superficial.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to drain your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg milks every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional tearjerker to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success.

CRIA CUERVOS – Successfully synthesizes innocence and the demonic in a 9-year-old girl who poisons her father believing him responsible for her mother's death.

DR. ZHIVAGO – Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Steiger and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

FOOL FOR LOVE – A Robert Altman adaptation of a Sam Shepard play about an impossible love affair in a Texas motel. A sweeping first half, with Shepard and Kim Basinger tearing at each other with all their might, dissolves into a far more theatrical and less effective second half. Harry Dean Stanton develops from an innocent bystander into a key figure of what could be a great American tragedy but never really makes it on the screen.

HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE – Based on the John Irving novel, a saga about a middle-class family in New England. Albeit with good photography and music, the movie is filled with too many disjointed characters, commenting, Irving-style, on modern society in all its weirdness.

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. Their ensuing relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors, William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tensely directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

MISHIMA – A highly elaborate but not quite successful attempt to deal with the life, the credos and the work, of Japanese author Yukio Mishima, a genius, a homosexual and a fascist who committed seppuku after a failed attempt to organize a military coup d'état. Director Paul Schrader tries to understand it all through a detailed account of Mishima's last day, combined with flashbacks from his past, and selected dramatizations of his works. It works better as an exercise in eccentric film-making than as a human tragedy.

9½ WEEKS – The title indicates the length of the relationship between a macho stockbroker and a luscious blonde working in an art gallery. The couple explore the outer limits of sexual experimentation, with only the cleaner stuff shown clearly, just what middle-class morality would consider bearable outrageousness. Mickey Rourke looks like a tough guy lost in a tuxedo, and Kim Basinger looks better than she acts. Adrian (*Flashdance*) Lyne directs a pretty, stylish and totally vacuous movie.

OUT OF AFRICA – Karen Blixen's memoirs of her 17 years in Kenya, published under her pseudonym Isak Dinesen, are the basis for Sydney Pollack's hit movie, a love story bigger than life, with marvellous characters acting out their powerful emotions against a huge, marvellously photogenic African backdrop. Meryl Streep offers a masterful performance as Blixen, a woman who seems to grow stronger with every obstacle she overcomes. Robert Redford and Klaus Maria Brandauer supply strong support, the first as the personification of the ideal male, the second as the dissipated scion of European nobility whom Blixen marries for his title. Cameraman David Watkin steals the show every time he is allowed to look at Africa in his own way.

POLICE ACADEMY III – No one over 10 years old should be allowed into this picture, and even for tots it might be considered mental cruelty. Even if it was shot separately from its predecessor, this film looks suspiciously like out-takes from the already-feeble first Police Academy. The excuse of a plot, concerning a competition with another academy, is dropped at the slightest excuse for no good reason at all. Jerry Paris directed as if he had never seen the whole script from beginning to end, and Steve Guttenberg, who is certainly capable of more, looks mighty uncomfortable in this mess.

PRIZZI'S HONOR – John Huston paints a sarcastic portrait of the human race, in which even hired killers are victims, despite their belief that nobody can touch them. Using a Richard Condon story in which a hit man falls in love with a hit woman, and each is contracted to terminate the other, Huston has enormous fun pulling the viewer's leg all along the way. Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner and Angelica Huston are all delightful in the leads, and William Hickey plays an old Don, with the deadly charm of a rattlesnake.

P.R.O.F.S. – A dim-witted, adolescent French comedy about four anarchically-minded teachers whose goal in life is to make life miserable for all their colleagues. Obvious gags and amateurish acting don't help much. Director Patrick Schulman had a big hit in Israel with his *Zig Zag Story*, but even then had a hard time deciding whether he wanted to be absurd or silly. This time there are no doubts.

RAN – Akira Kurosawa's version of the King Lear tragedy set in 16th-century Japan, is as close to film perfection as it is humanly possible. Replacing daughters with sons and burdening his king with a horrific past that more than justifies the present, Kurosawa continues the treatise on man's self-destruction, started 15 years earlier in *Dodeskaden*. A huge, spectacular production, in which the smallest detail gets as much attention as the biggest close-up, it is a stunning experience, a bit too awesome at first to allow for anything more than admiration, but delivering in the last few sequences all the pain and frustration pent up in the 75-year-old director. To be seen more than once.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutboul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

RUMBLE FISH – Francis Ford Coppola's display of sheer virtuosity in this black-and-white tribute to the youth-oriented films of the Fifties. It is all about being born on the right or wrong side of the tracks and about the myth of the motorcycle and the leather jacket. Matt Dillon and Diana Lane are surrounded by supporting actors, such as Nicholas Cage, who crowd them off the screen.

RUNAWAY TRAIN – Two escaped convicts board a driverless train racing amok on its way to nowhere, in a tense and well-acted thriller by American-based, Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky. There may be significant political allusions to prison states, and philosophical ones, concerning man's obligation to struggle against his fate to the very last, but the action is the thing. John Voight and Eric Roberts were both nominated for Academy Awards, and quite rightly so.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

SPIES LIKE US – Two bumbling agents supposed to be decoys in a CIA plot to get at Russian missiles in Asia, finally have to carry out the mission themselves. All of this is fine stuff for another crazy comedy by John Landis, once again exploiting the *Saturday Night Live* crew, in this instance Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase. As usual in Landis pictures, rampant anarchy includes flat jokes, but fast delivery saves the day. There are so many gags, coming so quickly, there's little time to complain.

TCHAO PANTIN – French director Claude Berri attempts his own tribute to the classical "film noir" in a tale about a gas-station attendant who turns avenger when a young street punk he had befriended is savagely murdered in front of his eyes. While the plot's construction leaves much to be desired, comic Coluche in the lead does a creditable job. However, the real stars of the film are set designer Alexander Trauner and cameraman Bruno Nuytten, who lend the picture its credible, dark and ominous look.

THREE MEN AND A CRADLE – Three confirmed bachelors are presented with a baby girl, fathered by one of them, and have to cope with the unexpected burden, while the mother is away making a living as a fashion model in America. A French comedy, which beat all the American blockbusters at the box office, this is a cute piece by director Coline Serreau, who takes an amused look at the way men, who think of themselves as macho, would handle chores thought to be "woman's work." Michel Boujenah, as the curly-headed designer, who is the first to fall in love with the new member of the family, is the best of the cast.

TURTLE DIARY – An assistant bookseller and an author of children's books make up their minds to free the turtles from their confinement in an aquarium tank and set them free in the Atlantic. Part romantic comedy, part caper, possibly intended as social satire, but pretty pedestrian on all levels, in spite of the fact that Harold Pinter wrote the script and Glenda Jackson joins forces with Ben Kingsley to liberate the enslaved turtles.

WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS – A delightful, touching and wise Yugoslav story, made in the early Fifties, of simple people trying to survive political stupidity. It is full of love and understanding for the foibles of human nature, has no villains to speak of, and is told through the eyes of a chubby six-year-old, who may be innocent but is nobody's dupe. Director Emir Kusturica, 30, got the Golden Palm in Cannes for this film, and the Critics' Prize to top it. Shouldn't be missed.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

ORDEA Tel. 721720
FOOL FOR LOVE
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT GAN Tel. 7514564
Closed for renovations

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
2nd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9
DUMBO
Sun. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 2
2nd week
BODY HEAT
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 5 p.m.

RAV-GAN 3
4th week
AGNES OF GOD
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:45
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 11 a.m.
DUMBO
Weekdays 5

OASIS Tel. 739592
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30

RAV-GAN 4
MACARONI
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
BLACK CAULDRON
Sat. 11 a.m.

HERZLIYA

DAVID Tel. 540768
9½ WEEKS
Sat., weekdays 7:15, 9:30
MARIA HORO
Weekdays 5 p.m.

HECHAL Tel. 81505
NINJA TERMINATOR
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
IRON EAGLE
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

DANIEL HOTEL THE AUDITORIUM
Sat., Sun., Mon., 7, 9:30
JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
Tue. 7:15, 9:30
Pre-premiere screening
HAUNTED HONEYMOON

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
TUFF TURF
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sat. 11:30 p.m.
MONTY PYTHON THE LIFE OF BRIAN
Thur. 11:30 p.m. THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
3rd week
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40

SAVOY Tel. 847141
P.R.O.F.S.
Fri. 10 p.m.,
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
OUT OF AFRICA
Sat. and weekdays 6:15, 9:30

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
2nd week
PRETTY IN PINK
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
2nd week
TOM THUMB
Fri. 3 p.m.
Sat. 11 a.m.
Tue. – Thur. 4:30 p.m.
THEY CALL ME TRINITY
Fri. 9:30 p.m.
Sat. 7
Sun. – Thur. 7
JAGGED EDGE
Fri. 11:45 p.m.
Sat. – Thur. 9:30
Sat. 11:40 p.m.: THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP
Thur. 11:40 p.m.: CHINA TOWN

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 2
RUNAWAY TRAIN
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

KIRYAT ONO
COMMUNITY CENTRE
Fri. 9:30 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m., 7 p.m.; Mon., Wed. 7 p.m.
Tue. 8 p.m.
NO MILK TODAY
Fri. 11:30 p.m.; Sat. 9:30 p.m., Mon., Wed. 9:30 p.m.; Tue. 10 p.m.
PRIZZI'S HONOR

Cinematheque September 5 – 12

Fri. 14:30 A Nos Amours, Dir: Maurice Pialat
Sat. 20:00 Gregory's Girl, Dir: Bill Forsyth; 22:00 Le Dernier Metro, Dir: Francois Truffaut
Sun. 19:00 Nadia, Dir: Amnon Rubinstein; 19:30 Lesson in Love Dir: Ingmar Bergman (small hall); 21:00 Opening of Austrian Programme – "Mullers Buro", Dir: Niki List; 21:30 L'Immortelle, Dir: Alain Robbe-Grillet (small hall)
Mon. 19:00 Le Grand Padron, Dir: Alexandre Arcady; 19:30 Raffi, Dir: Christian Berger (small hall); 21:00 I Vitelloni, Dir: Federico Fellini (small hall); 21:30 Kentucky Fried Movie, Dir: John Landis
Tue. 16:00 Popeye the Sailor (animation); 19:00 On a Narrow Bridge, Dir: Nissim Dayan; 19:00 Berlin at the Time of the Kaiser, Dir: Irmgard von zur Muhlen (small hall); 21:00 Karambolage, Dir: Kitty Kino (small hall); 21:30 Diner, Dir: Barry Levinson
Wed. 19:00 The Missouri Breaks, Dir: Arthur Penn; 19:00 Der Fall Jagerstatter, Dir: Axel Corti (small hall); 21:00 Short Films Produced. by Samy Halfon (small hall); 21:30 The Return of the Seacaucus 7, Dir: John Sayles
Thur. 19:00 The Conversation, Dir: Francis Ford Coppola; 19:00 Der Bockerer, Dir: Franz Antel (small hall); 21:00 El Super, Dir: Leon Ichaso (small hall); 21:30 Les Favoris de la Lune, Dir: Otar Iosseliani; 24:00 National Lampoon's Animal House, Dir: John Landis
Fri. 14:30 A Clockwork Orange, Dir: Stanley Kubrick
Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 715398

هكذا من الأصل

هكذا من الأصل

Baldi Olier and his Quartet, Pargod, Jerusalem, tomorrow. (Schneider)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

BALDI OLIER QUARTET – Spanish and gypsy music. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

GUITAR DUO – Original jazz with an eastern flavour. (Pargod, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIV'IT – Selection of their new songs. (Motza, The Red Brick House, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – Songs from South America. (Gerard Behar, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

SEPHARDIC NIGHT – Jewish Spanish songs, poems, tunes and folklore. (Pargod Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALONE – Yitzhak (Churchill) Klepter presents his music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ARIK SINAI – Old and new songs. (Herzliya Daniel Auditorium, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHOLEM ALEICHEM – Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Diplomat Hotel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

AN EVENING of the latest Helicon record releases (Herbie Sams club, 92 Herbert Samuel St., Wednesday at 11 p.m.)

JAZZ – Classical style (Dan Hotel, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

KORIN ALAL – Israeli rock. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

THE OLYMPIA QUARTET FROM NEW ORLEANS – (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight, tomorrow at 9 p.m. and midnight, Monday through Thursday at 10.30 p.m.)

ONE WHO SINGS – Matti Caspi, the Parvarim, Ehud Manor, Sasha Argov, the Dudaim and others. (Ha'aretz Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See Jerusalem. (Ramat Gan, Orden, tonight at 10 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Beit Hehayal, Monday, Thursday at 9 p.m.; Mann Auditorium, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Others

EVERLASTING COVENANT – With Ehud Manor and Matti Caspit (Ein Hod, Amphitheatre, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See Jerusalem. (Acre, Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

CINDERELLA – Fully staged production by the Israel Ballet. Choreography Bertha Yampolsky. Music Sergei Prokofiev. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 5:30 and 8.30 p.m.)

"KOL U'DMAMA" – Moshe Efrati's group of deaf and hearing dancers presents "Drafts." (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

HAPPY TANGO – Argentinian company of 21 dancers, singers and musicians in the tango tradition. (Mann Auditorium, today at 2.30 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

CINDERELLA – See Jerusalem. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MOVEMENT IN BLACK – By Rachel Kalir's modern dance group. (Haifa Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

'Amadeus Festival' of W.A. Mozart's works, Jerusalem Theatre.

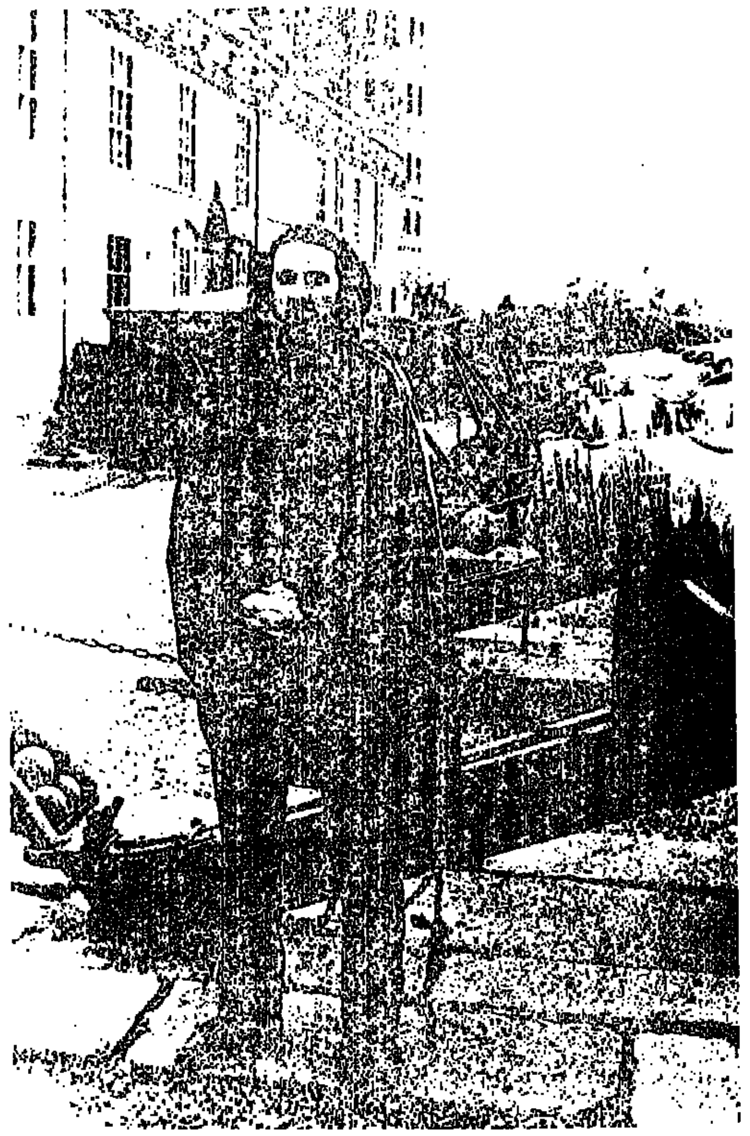
MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

AMADEUS FESTIVAL – The Israel Chamber Orchestra, with leading conductors and pianists from Israel and abroad in a mini-festival of piano concertos by W.A. Mozart. Conductor and pianist: Philippe Entremont (France) (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.); conductor Yoav Talmi, pianists: Ingrid Haebler (Austria), Akiko Sagara. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

MARTFELD QUARTET – Ensemble from Wuppertal, Germany. Works by Mozart, Grieg and others. (Ticho House, Harav Kook St., Thursday at 9 p.m.)



'Hamlet' at Habimah Theatre, Tel Aviv, tomorrow through Wednesday.

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIA – Produced by the Theatre Company of Jerusalem. A contemporary drama based on the Talmud (in English). (Hilton Hotel, Sunday at 8:30 p.m., Tzavta, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

C'EST LA VIE – By the Window Puppet Theatre/Tram Theatre. About love. (Khan, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ROOMMATES IN JERUSALEM – An adaptation of the play *Flatmates* by Shmuel Amid (in English). Presented by new company, Jerusalem Stage. About Jewish-Arab relations (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUZANTE RETURNS FROM THE WARS – By Angelo Beolco. Khan Theatre production. A comedy about war. (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Monday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – Produced by the Nissan Nativ Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m.)

"CREMBO" – By Kobi Niv. Neve Zedek production. Political cabaret. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO – By Yosef Mundy. A look at contemporary Israeli society. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HAMLET – By Shakespeare. Presented by the Oxford Playhouse Company of England (in English). (Habimah, Rovina Hall, tomorrow through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER IN TEN LESSONS – Comedy by Dan Greenberg. Yuval Theatre production. (Beit Hehayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX – Tzavta production. Comedy in verse. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE SOUL OF A JEW – By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Contradiction between Judaism and Zionism, hope and self-hate. (Cameri, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE SUICIDE – By Nikolai Erdmann. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. Satirical comedy. (Habimah, Meskin Hall, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Beersheba

THE SUICIDE – See Tel Aviv. (Beersheba Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ELEPHANTS...SHMELEPHANTS – By the Train Theatre. About two elephants. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden Amphitheatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

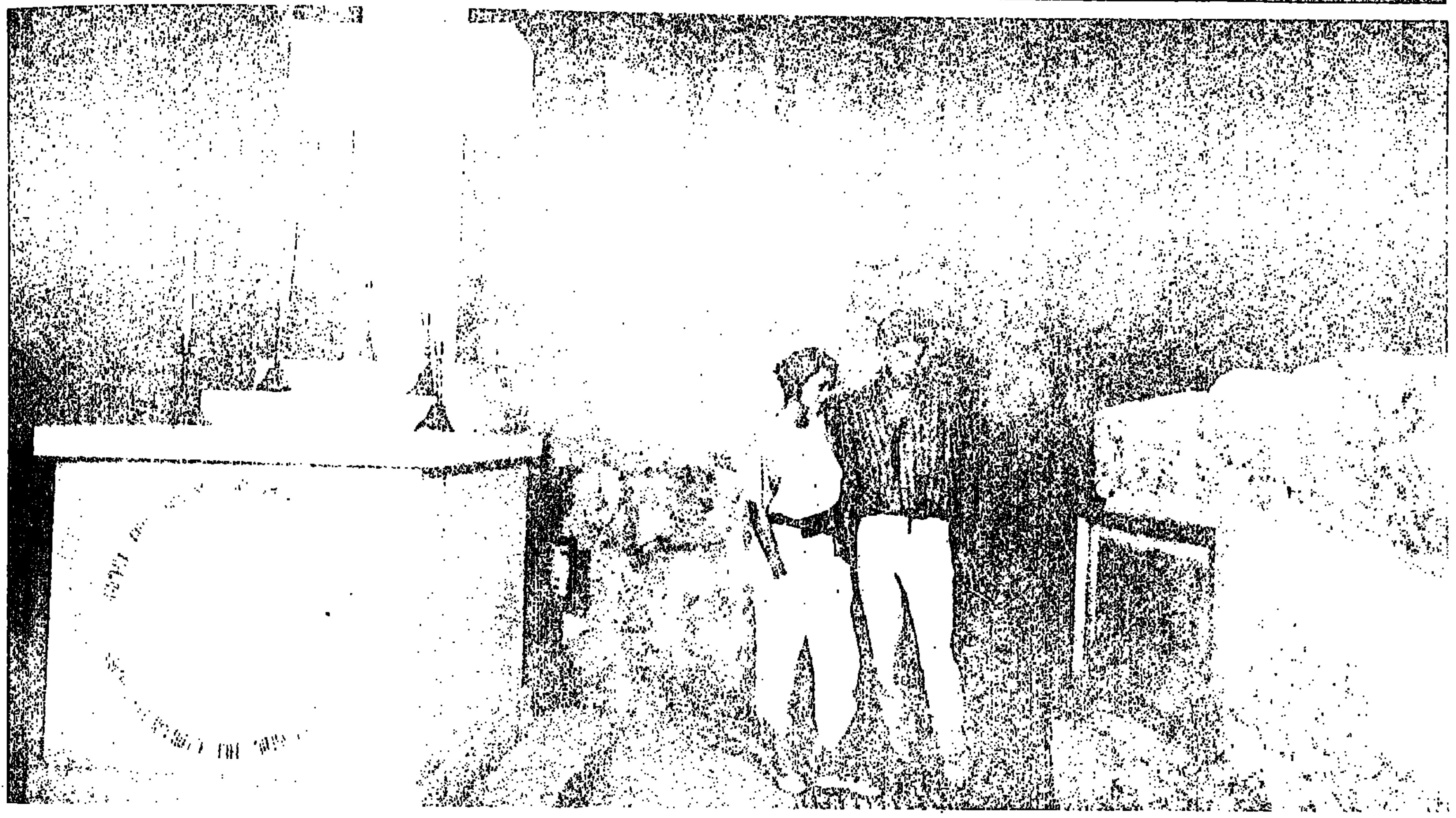
STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 4-6 (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv Area

FROM FLY TO ELEPHANT – Based on stories by A. Hillel. Ages 5-12. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



to one report, the work was carried out by Christian workmen, because Moslems refused to touch the pigskin employed in the cleaning process.) Father Testa read the inscription as "Domine Ivimus", Lord, we shall go. He gave this an allegorical interpretation, seeing the unmanned ship "guided by angels" across a mythical sea towards the site of the crucifixion.

IN THIS debate between the British and Franciscan scholars over a pagan or Christian reading of the inscription, Israeli archeologist Magen Broshi threw his weight on the side of the Christian interpretation. (Broshi had been invited by the Armenians in 1975 to oversee the excavations, which had been launched five years earlier without the permission of the Department of Antiquities.)

After studying the cleaned picture and the reading of Isis Myrionimos given by Humphreys and Helms, he wrote in the *Israel Exploration Journal*: "Unfortunately, they did not clean the stone prior to copying it, and this led Humphreys, to whom the material was entrusted, to rely in no small measure on her imagination. This, in turn, led to serious complications. [Humphreys and Helms] read 10 letters incorrectly and arrived at a total of 14 letters, though in fact there were only 12."

While accepting Testa's reading – "Domine Ivimus" – Broshi believes that the Franciscan has missed the point by giving it a metaphysical interpretation about a heavenly ship. The rendering, says Broshi, was of a real ship in a real historical context. The fact that the inscription is in Latin is itself significant, because Latin inscriptions are a relative rarity in the country, compared with Greek.

Its use indicates to Broshi that the artist came from the Western Roman Empire – Italy, Gaul, Spain or North Africa. This supposition is supported by the ship itself, which is a substantial merchant vessel of the period and not a small coaster that could not sail long distances.

As for the inscription, Broshi suggests that Domini Ivimus is an allusion to the Latin version of Psalm 122:1: *In domum Domini ibimus* (Let us go to the house of the Lord) . Says Broshi: "The use of a verse from the Psalter, from the well-known pilgrims' psalm [Song of Ascents – *Shir Hama'alot*], indicates that the inscription was probably made by Christian pilgrims, among the earliest who were able to make their way to Jerusalem openly and express their Christian feelings explicitly."

Unlike Judaism or Islam, Christianity does not demand pilgrimage. However, if Broshi's interpretation is correct, Christian pilgrims were already arriving in Jerusalem from the far ends of the empire to venerate the site of Jesus' burial within four years or less of its formal identification by Queen Helena, and even before a church was built to consecrate it.

ASIDE FROM this insight into the origins of Christian pilgrimage, the picture suggests a dramatic story involving the artist and his company, according to Broshi. In addition to a foresail, a mast is depicted lying horizontally. Broshi believes the mast is more likely to be broken than lowered, since ancient ships of this kind did not usually have both a foresail and a retractable mast.

"If our assumption is correct," says Broshi, "we may conclude that the pilgrim responsible for the drawing and inscription had been faced by some great peril, such as a storm which broke the mast of his ship and threatened to sink it. The drawing and inscription were intended to express gratitude for his salvation."

This interpretation was sharply attacked by Helms, the man who had first copied the inscription. Writing in the *International Journal of Nautical Archeology* in 1980, he clearly implied that Testa had in effect juggled the books.

"I note that an alarming proportion of detail that was very clearly visible at the time of discovery in 1971 seems to have disappeared in the new rendering based on the 'cleaned' drawing... Furthermore, in the original and uncleaned version of the inscription several features that are now depicted with glaring clarity, were not there."

These changes, wrote Helms, included the shape of some of the letters in the inscription as well as features of the boat. The new reading of the picture "leads me to suspicions regarding the ship and its fate after we left it in 1972."

The sarcasm implicit in the quotation marks repeatedly used in references to Testa's "cleaning" of the picture is reinforced by Helms's assertion that Testa was "perhaps carried away by a measure of Christian chauvinism." Helms postulated that Hadrian's structure had been devoted to the worship of both Aphrodite and Isis, "the two dominant female deities of the Roman world," and that the boat had indeed been drawn by a pilgrim, but a pagan pilgrim making an offering to Isis.

It was in the face of Helms's insinuations about tampering that Broshi called in the police in 1977. Their findings have presumably put to rest suspicions about wrongdoing; but the argument over who that unknown traveller prayed to 16 centuries ago will doubtless go on. □

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هكذا من الأصل

Outside the gates

(Illustrations by Assaf Berg)

HAVING LIVED the previous eight years in Jerusalem, this past year in London has provided me with a strange perspective. I haven't been just an American Jew abroad, but a foreigner twice removed. Admittedly, my view of London traverses American channels after being sifted through an Israeli filter.

I would like to say I've immersed myself in English life, but one cannot be baptized in a three-inch deep pool. However, one can be drowned in it. But first let me speak of plusses.

In Jerusalem, I played American football twice a week at Gan Sacher. Space was at a premium. A number of soccer teams (sometimes even professional) coveted our turf and often, the main battle was not between American immigrants and students throwing around the (if you'll excuse the expression) pigskin, but against a group of guys trying to intimidate us off the field by simply starting to play their game in the middle of ours. Miraculously, we never once came to blows and everybody managed to play their game. An invisible margin was traced in the grass and except for the occasional errant pass, respected.

In marked contrast, the city of London has a park system that provides enough flat, grassy fields for 50 full-fledged football games. These parks are not only vast, but also beautiful, and in places (Richmond Park and Hampstead Heath), refreshingly unmanicured. There is no city in Israel (or for that matter, in the U.S.) that comes anywhere near matching London's urban oases.

The development possibilities of this land must surely supersede, if not entirely replace, the estate agents' sex life. They must drool as they drive by, but they can't touch it. London's parks are the soothing side of its personality. Gloomier realities quietly decompose in the gentle, impressionist haze of a stroll along the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

IN JERUSALEM, I went to an average of at least one movie a week. Setting aside the subject of quality, the quantity of legitimate theatre offered in the capital was fathoms below subsistence level, so the cinema filled that gap, spatially if not substantially.

I spent many a winter eventide seated on a pillow brought from home, wrapped up in my warmest winter coat (plus, on occasion and with no apologies, earmuffs), my breath steaming out like a bull about to charge Manoleté, watching a film at Binyenei Ha'uma, Cinema One or the Semadar. The prints were often of questionable quality and the acoustics were better in my bathroom.

I saw films in Jerusalem that I wouldn't have gone near in more well-heeled climes. Why? To banalize Sir Edmund Hillary, because they were there, and theatre was not.

In London, for "them as wants it," the play is indeed the thing. West End and Fringe theatrical houses combine to provide over 80 local venues. There is a surfeit of choice and (at least as far as acting's concerned) certainly no paucity of talent. I've watched such established stars as Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson, Anthony Hopkins and Liv Ullman tread the boards in the posh places, and witnessed the work of talented but (as yet) less popular playwrights such as Anne Devlin and Steven Berkoff, in the lofts and warehouses around town.

With all due respect to New York, London presents more opportunities to see live theatre than any other city (as far as the space probes know) in the solar system. This bountiful excess is in addition to at least 100 different movies being shown during any one week in cinema houses throughout the city, none of which will make you yearn for St. Bernards bearing brandy.

And if all else crumbles, there are four television channels to drench even the thirstiest media-sponge with visual sedatives galore. Piled on top of this entertainment smorgasbord are, of course, the museums, the art galleries, the orchestras, the ballet and the opera. If you had nothing on your hands but time, you wouldn't have enough of it to see a tithe of what's on offer.

THE ARTS, greenery and space. These are London's plusses for a Jew out of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by way of Jerusalem. London has a certain majesty – and wouldn't it be weird if it didn't? An evening walk along the Thames from the National Theatre to the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben is another excursion through the same sepia-tinted lens that frames the city's parks. Moonlight dances on the small waves of an ancient artery. Soft, yellow lamplight illuminates the shrouded tourist boats (in winter hibernation) that hug the river bank. Suddenly a poem, chiselled in the cement, appears beneath your feet – *London*, by William Blake.

AN ACCOUNT
Richard Penniman

I wander thro' each charter'd street
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

Bitter words from another century? Yes, but more than that. The poem casts a harsher light on the remainder of your processional. It puts a hitch in your stride. The shadows lose their softness and turn ominous. The other face of today's London waits just around the corner and it is decidedly *not* made up of jolly theatre-goers cavorting in the West End and tow-headed soccer players gambolling in Regent's Park.

IN JERUSALEM, my wife and I lived in a four-apartment building. Our immediate neighbour was an elderly Syrian woman, who made it her business to know everyone else's. We didn't mind her nosiness. She was a lonely, friendly old lady with a bawdy laugh and mischievous eyes. Our downstairs neighbours were a young Argentinian translator and a family of five whose forebears came from Morocco and Yugoslavia.

We had two cats and dozens of plants inside and outside our apartment. Whenever we went away for a weekend or a week, one of our neighbours would feed our cats twice a day, water our plants *and* watch out for burglars.

The dictum "neither a borrower nor a lender be" was scrupulously ignored. Everything from tehina to tranquillizers changed hands between us and our neighbours. We invited each other to parties and wedding receptions. When someone was sick we commiserated as we hung out our wash on the communal lines. We sat *shiva* together.

It is an odd sensation to realize that I never once thought of myself as intimate with these people. I didn't consider them my friends. They were our neighbours. We were neighbourly.

In London, we live in a building of 12 apartments. We have never seen the inside of another one and, to be fair, we've acted the same way. It's fittingly symbolic that there are no names on our doors or downstairs buzzers – only numbers. We don't know our neighbours' names and they don't know ours. It is not as if we are being excluded from a closed society. This is the way everyone lives.

When John Donne wrote "No man is an island," he did not have 20th century London in mind. A teaspoonful of Marmite is never loaned. A half-cup of HP Sauce is never sought. Our neighbours surely experience the same absurdities and sorrows that we do, but no laughter or incredulity or grief is shared between us. We have become as they are – stereotypical, alienated city-dwellers.

I WORK at home, so naturally I don't mingle much with anyone during the day. But my wife works for a Covent Garden publishing house and so goes out into the world as frequently as I do not. In her words:

"I had a similar position in a Jerusalem publishing house. The money was less and the hours were longer, but at least I felt some genuine, human contact. I had friends there – people who cared about me and showed it. We weren't strangers to each other's homes or to each other's lives outside the office.

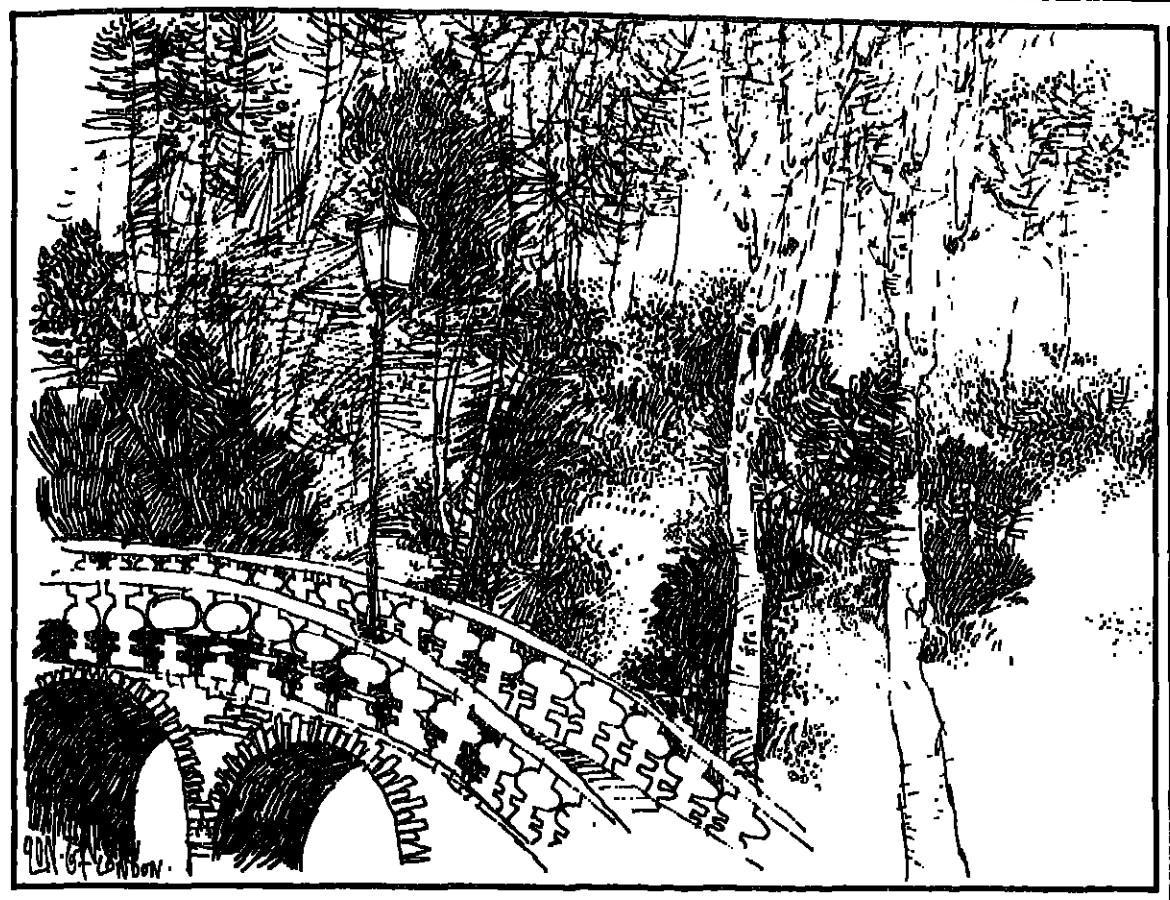
"But here in London, the initial façade is tough to break through. My co-workers are friendly enough and helpful in a professional capacity, but we have yet to be invited to anyone's home for a meal. We've invited two couples over and enjoyed both evenings. We've met with others for bowling and a couple of rock concerts and had good times together. But there's a decided reticence on their part to initiate. An Englishman's home is his castle, with a moat around it."

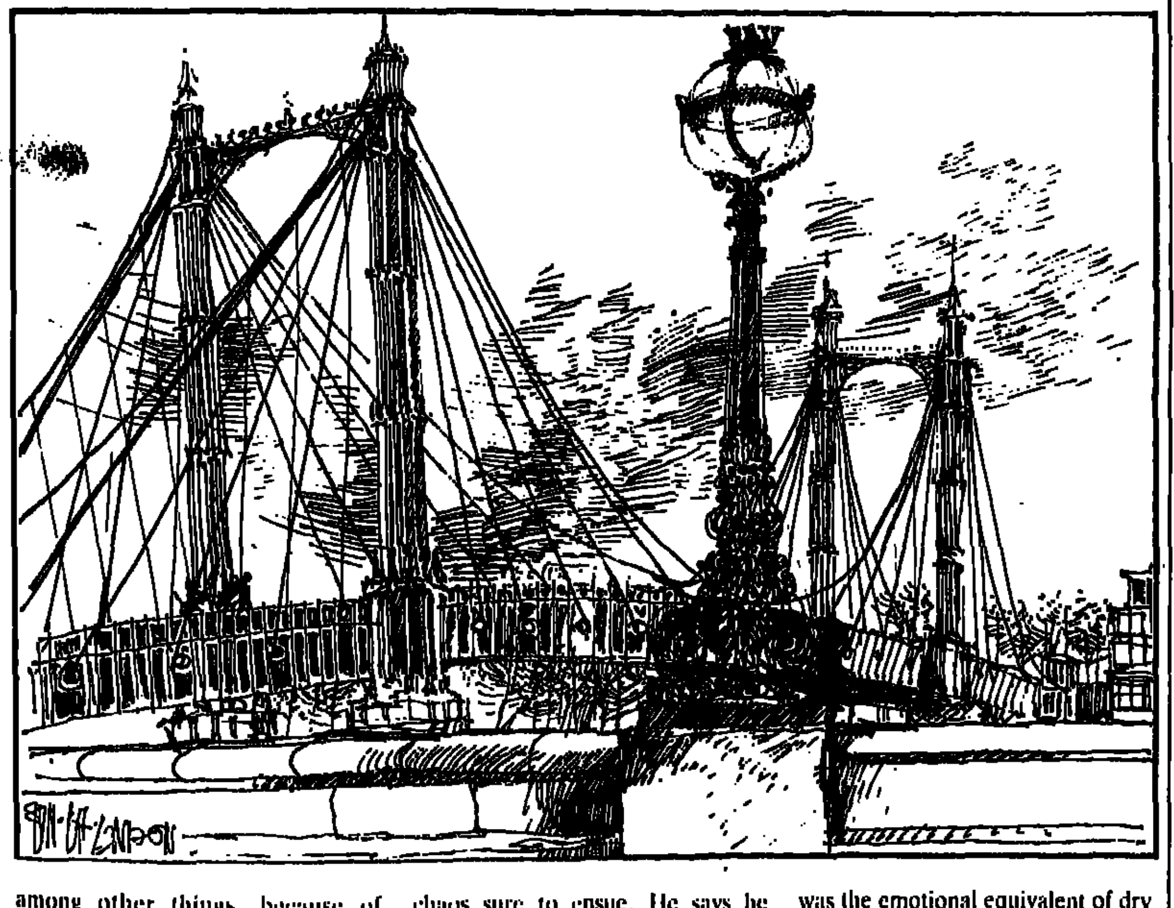
To add a footnote:

Heavy drinking seems to be woven into the fabric of English society. In stark contrast to Jerusalem, my wife's London co-workers seem to imbibe rather steadily every day – in the office from around noon until well past working hours down at a nearby pub. While my wife will never be mistaken for Amy Semple MacPherson, she cannot begin to keep up with her (mostly male) confrères. They know that neither my wife nor her husband drinks very much, and I believe it separates us from them. It sets us apart.

MY BEST friend in Jerusalem is a lawyer in street clothes and a tank commander in uniform. He has a wife, a child and another on the way. He passionately loves his family, rock and roll and the movies, in that order.

He is a deeply troubled man,





among other things, because of Lebanon, Israeli politics in general and an absence of any perceived creativity in his life. With all his imagined and very real burdens, my friend still laughs easily and generously. He also blushes wildly in anger or embarrassment or in the physical exertion of dancing like a crazy man at parties. He is acutely alive.

My one friend in London gave up his job as an accountant to buy a recording studio where he now spends his days (and most nights) producing demonstration tapes for musical hopefuls. He also acts as agent for his wife, the lead singer in a rock band trying to "make it." He's a gifted and versatile musician who plays all keyboard instruments and the guitar with equal facility. His world consists solely of his wife's career and popular music.

He is also an unhappy man. Under the influence of a half-dozen pints at his local pub, my friend admits to his fear of feeling too deeply about anything. He repeats again and again that he doesn't want "to lose control" – that dying would be preferable to the kind of traumatic chaos sure to ensue. He says he envies my "openness," but comes from a strict Scots family, where expressed emotion was taboo and silence was golden. "Make that platinum," he says.

Yes, I know my Jerusalem and London friends are only two individuals out of millions, but they are emblematic of my living experience in their respective cities. To my mind, one is alive and the other exists.

FOR MY FIRST couple of months in London I felt a sense of relief. Jerusalem's hothouse ambience was replaced by London's Arctic indifference. I revelled in the apathy. I, too, didn't have to care too deeply about anything. The IRA failed to supply the same resonance for me as did the PLO. I was not a Liverpool football fan, so "soccer hooliganism" didn't exactly leap out from the printed page. That left the Chuck and Di daily soap opera and the Jews in Maggie's cabinet. Soporific stuff.

Journalistically speaking, Ariel Sharon's an atom bomb and Leon Brittan's a squirt gun, so how could I have felt any way other than relaxed? Almost every person I met was the emotional equivalent of dry toast and weak tea. I don't know whether their life-juices had frozen over or had simply evaporated, but they seemed dry as desert riverbeds. Pinteresque landscape. Their lips moved, and a great deal less than nothing was said. And that was fine with me – for a while.

It isn't any more. There is a kind of spiritual constipation that serves as a tourniquet on the English soul, and it's contagious. I feel my own responses muting, my own edges smoothing. It frightens me. Initially, I felt like a spectator: set apart from all the inaction. But now it seems to me that *everyone* here is a spectator of their own lives, and I'm on the team. What's the old joke? The meeting of the Apathy Club was a resounding success. No one attended.

If London is a chapel for the recently deceased, with very pretty organ accompaniment, then Jerusalem is a cacophonous asylum (both definitions of "asylum" apply). Like Alan Bates in the film *King of Hearts*, I am a lunatic outside the gates who wishes most earnestly to be let back in. □

Chic-chac, you gotta come back

If progress is the vehicle that gets us to the future ahead of time, then red tape, the clog in the wheel of progress, is civilization's traffic jam. Israel has as much bureaucracy as any other utopian society, but sometimes it can get to be just a little too much.

City Hall is one of our most notorious red tape dispensers. But now, the great municipal bureaucracy finds it's being bureaucratized itself. Jerusalem and other major Israeli cities believe they have "too many different addresses" in central government, and they're complaining that too many officials in government offices meddle in municipal affairs. So now they're clamouring for an efficient, more streamlined system, but as any exasperated man-in-the-street knows, you can't fight City Hall, City Hall.

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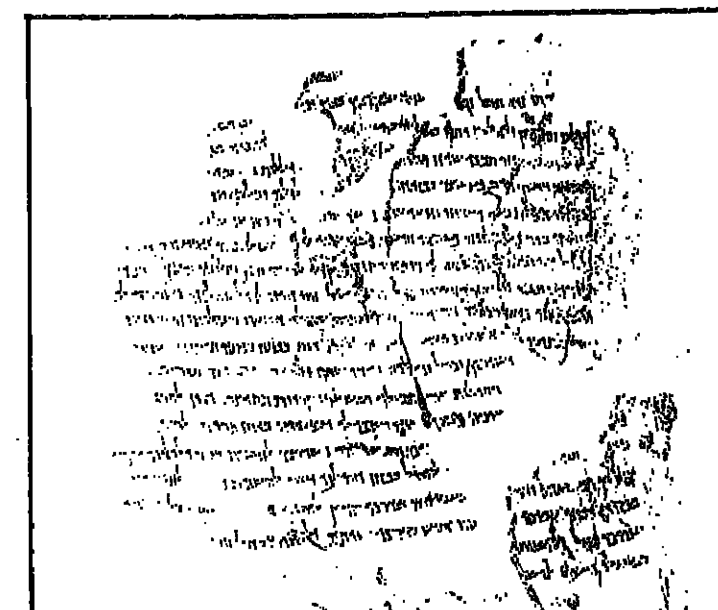


"The Wiles of the Wicked Woman," one of the Dead Sea Scrolls found at Qumran. See "Heyday of Judaism" below.

The radical rebbe

OUTPOURING OF THE SOUL translated by Rabbi Aryeh Kaplan. 96 pp. [illegible]

UNTIL THE MASHIACH: The Life of Rabbi Nachman by Rabbi Aryeh Kaplan [illegible]

[illegible] hard cover, [illegible] paperback.

RABBI NACHMAN'S STORIES translated by Rabbi Aryeh Kaplan with commentaries and index. 552 pp. $15.

All published by the Breslov Research Institute, Jerusalem/New York.

Mordechai Beck

IT IS difficult today to envisage Hassidim as radicals, even revolutionaries. They seem such staunch upholders of the faith, or at least of the *status quo ante*. Who could believe that well into this century they were subject to verbal abuse, physical threats, even excommunication? Even then historical significance is subject to controversy. Did they help resuscitate the flagging communities of East Europe or break them up by drawing the pious away from their native *shtetls* to follow their *rebbes*?

Certainly they aroused a genuine fear of Sabbatianism. Only a thin *mehitza* separates the mystic from the apostate. But, as a movement, they saw to it that the barriers stayed intact. Moreover they achieved the major goals of their founder, the Ba'al Shem Tov (1700-1760), in that they altered for good the way we look at God, nature and man. Through such writers as Buber, Levin, Wiesel, and Singer, moreover, the hassidic "message" reached a much wider audience. The popular image of the pious Jew today, rightly or wrongly, is invariably the Hassid. Yet what remains of the initial message of this new way, even among Jews? Is there anything of significance, even for the less pious, which can be salvaged for the late twentieth century? This was a question that was asked by Rabbi Nachman of Breslov, even though he [illegible] only a few decades after the [illegible] of its founder [illegible].

THE [illegible] ing Rabbi Nachman as the most radical of the hassidic *rebbes*. When [illegible] 38, in 1810 he left [illegible] most extraordinary legacy, written and oral lore, only a [illegible] of which he had committed to paper during his lifetime. On one level his teachings, principally *Lekutei Moharan*, is an elaboration [illegible] the way of the Ba'al Shem Tov. Yet whereas others, like his near-contemporary Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi, used the hassidic insights of the Ba'al Shem Tov to build up a carefully-constructed philosophy that reconciled traditional exegisis and Halacha with mystical radicalism, Rabbi Nachman formulated his own highly personal vision in a manner based on intuitive jumps rather than orderly argument.

Rabbi Nachman has been described as a Romantic in the European sense of his time, partly because of his fondness, both as a youth and an adult, for communing with nature, an activity which inspired some of his most characteristic teachings, prayers and tales.

These isolated sessions in forests and fields in his native southern Russia brought him to perhaps his most profound discovery – the burning necessity of intensive self-examination and disciplined meditation, *hitbodidut* in Hebrew, without which he felt authentic spiritual expression is impossible. As *Outpouring of the Soul* makes clear, this method of isolated meditation has a long history, and goes back to Bible times. Yet, as Aryeh Kaplan notes, "In most people's minds it is primarily with Rabbi Nachman that the word *(hitbodidut)* is associated."

The psychological, no less than the spiritual, ramifications of Rabbi Nachman's use of meditation is highly suggestive. In one stroke he cut through all the trappings of religious ritual and conformist tradition. In so doing he anticipated modern man's [illegible] honesty, his relentless [illegible] truth within the individual, not as a substitute for spiritual discipline but rather as a path – the path – to a higher, more enriching existence. Only by facing one's own "I" – the miniature cosmos in the kabbalistic phrase – could the "I" of the cosmic deity be authentically encountered. To bring about this encounter, Rabbi Nachman suggested that people speak directly to God in their venacular, as he himself addressed him in his native Yiddish.

THAT A deep sense of self, and even of destiny, was needed by Rabbi Nachman is made apparent in *Until the Mashiach*, an "annotated chronology" and biography. Though it lacks the sort of psychological speculation that informed Arthur Green's vigorously-argued biography, *Tormented Master*, a few years ago, the Breslover version of their *rebbe's* life does set Rabbi Nachman in the context of his times. These times were turbulent not only for Jews, who had to choose between medievalism and modernism, but also for the world at large that witnessed the American-inspired French Revolution and its bloody conclusion in the rise and fall of Napoleon. Rabbi Nachman indeed makes a reference to Napoleon and even "dedicates" "The Exchanged Children," one of his stories, to him. He explains by resort to kabbalistic models the obscure soldier's dramatic rise. Indeed, most of his teachings are here related to specific events that happened to him during his intense life, and responses to his hours of daily secluded meditations. This reinforces the sense of his individuality.

THE SKELETAL style of the annotated biography provides a contrast to the more ample manner of *Rabbi Nachman's Wisdom*, which records the less formal sayings of the young sage collated by his loyal redactor and companion, Rabbi Nathan of Nemirov. The apparent spontaneity of these sayings is belied by the depth of insight and familiarity with traditional texts which they contain. In part, this was a reflection of his own desire to be simple – without being simple-minded, a goal for which he sought God, no less, as his ultimate model. It was because he held this universal deity in his sights that he could never be content with mere theology: "Have you ever heard me lecture you about religion?" he asks his surprised followers with sharp wit. Whatever drove him, it certainly was not conventionality.

ULTIMATELY Rabbi [illegible] may be seen as an artist of [illegible] a truly creative individual [illegible] disparate talents could only find expression in the most [illegible] ment. It seems quite na[illegible] teachings finally flowered in his last two years in tales and stories which combine the mystical and the mundane, the childlike and the profound. If some of *Rabbi Nachman's Stories* work better than others, notably "The Lost Princess," "The Humble King," the "Master of Prayer" and the parables, it is because their persuasive form is combined with autobiographic hints. All the stories, however, benefit from the felicitous commentaries of Rabbi Kaplan.

The Breslovers' Rabbi Nachman is not a tormented master. Whatever controversies he stirs, he himself remains deeply calm, even in the face of death. A viewpoint which combines the [illegible]ed with a critical attitude reveals a spiritually creative genius whose outer calm is belied by inner ferment (or *vice versa*). Whichever the truer portrait, Nachman's teachings remain distinctive and unique. He is a still, small voice in the raging storm which engulfs both the religious and the non-religious, even today. □

Pro-French

DAVID ET MARIANNE by Freddy Eytan. Paris, Editions Alain Moreau. 299 pp. 89 francs.

David Krivine

IS FRANCE pro- or anti-Israel? Answer: it is pro-French and anti-nobody. After a careful reading of the newspapers over the last 15 years, Freddy Eytan supports that conclusion.

His book reveals a state of perpetual fluctuation between seemingly pro- or anti-Israel attitudes. Georges Pompidou continues de Gaulle's arms embargo, and in addition sells 100 Mirage planes to Libya. They are later transferred to Egypt, says Eytan, where some are used against us in the Yom Kippur war.

Valery Giscard d'Estaing, who succeeds Pompidou, forgivingly lifts the embargo. By then, as it happens, Israel no longer cares. Yigal Allon has secured American approval for 50 Phantom jets. Meanwhile Serge Dassault points out that during the seven years of the French embargo Israel received all the spare parts it needed for the Mirages in its possession.

[illegible]? All right, take [illegible] nuclear power-[illegible] September 1956, just [illegible] Sinai Campaign, the French sign a contract for the delivery of a 24 MW atom[illegible] reactor for Dimona. But [illegible] is in conflict with Algeria at the time. When she decides to mend her fences with the Arab world, Raymond Barre (in 1977) legalizes the Arab boycott for French companies exporting to the Middle East. Shocking? Comes François Mitterrand who (in 1981) restores the anti-boycott law. Moreover, he contracts, just two years ago, to supply Israel with a couple of nuclear reactors for peaceful research, to be sited in Shifta, west of Dimona. A footnote adds: "For budgetary reasons this project has been adjourned" (presumably by the Israelis) "*sine die*."

Up and down, that is how it goes – like Israel's own relations with countries in dispute. We do not take sides, whether between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland, between Francophones and Anglophones in Canada, between Sinhalese and Tamil in Sri Lanka.

France too keeps her nose clean with Israelis and Arabs alike. Eytan finds little to complain about; *c'est la vie*, he might have added. □

Heyday of Judaism

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE IN THE AGE OF JESUS CHRIST, VOL.III, 1 by Emil Schuerer. Rivised and edited by Geza Vermes, Fergus Millar and Martin Goodman. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 704 pp. No price stated.

Magen Broshi

THE THREE CENTURIES discussed in this book, extending from the Maccabean revolt to Bar-Kochba's revolt (175 BCE – 135 CE), were anything but paradisical. But paradisical periods exist only in theology and myth, and have not been recorded by history. However, there are few if any eras which retain such a hold both on scholars and laymen.

For Christians this is the age of Jesus (hence the title of this book). For Jews, it marks the last stage of Jewish independence. A rather limited independence, times of relative peace and a certain grandeur – they were recalled with longing for many generations.

Easy times they were not – were there ever easy times in this land? Foreign rule, both Seleucid and Roman, was harsh, but even local Jewish rulers frequently demonstrated extreme ruthlessness. The Hasmonean king, Alexander Jannaeus, introduced crucifixion to the Holy Land, and practised it on his Pharisaic adversaries. Herod remains the symbol of cruelty. Macrobius, a fifth-century author, ascribes to Augustus Caesar the remark: "I'd rather be Herod's pig than Herod's son." Many of Herod's subjects fared no better than his sons.

All the same, this period was characterized by a very active spiritual life. The intensely fervent religious milieu left an indelible mark on world history.

SINCE the publication of the second edition of Schuerer's *Geschichte des Judischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi* exactly a century ago, both in the original and in its English version it has become a classic. It is the standard work on this age.

In 1964, Prof. Matthew Black initiated the preparation of a revised English edition. Many scholars took part but most of the work was done by two Oxford dons, Geza Vermes and Fergus Millar. This is not a usual revised edition: to a large extent it is a newly-written book. This becomes particularly evident in the present volume, which deals mainly with two subjects: Judaism in the Diaspora, and the Jewish literature of this period. Archeological research in the last century has made revolutionary finds. Some of the most important data concerning the Jewish Diaspora was unavailable at the end of the nineteenth century (for example Elephantine in Egypt, and Dura Europos in contemporary Syria). In connection with ancient Jewish literature, it is enough to mention the library of Qumran (that is, the Dead Sea Scrolls).

In the Roman period, Jews were already spread over three continents: Western Asia, Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Though it is impossible to establish the size of the various Diaspora communities, there is no doubt that by this time they considerably outnumbered Palestinian Jewry. In other words, since 587 BCE, the year of the destruction of the First Temple and of the Babylonian Exile, the majority of Jews lived outside the boundaries of the land of Israel.

According to the 12th century chronicler Gregory Bar Hebraeus, a census held in the year 48 CE established there were 6,944,000 Jews within the confines of the Roman Empire. This would bring the total number of Jews in the world to about 8,000,000 (including communities outside the boundaries of the Empire – Babylonia, Iran and probably the Yemen and Ethiopia). This seems to me an exaggerated estimate but we have no way to refute or corroborate it. I would estimate that the number of Jews in Palestine at that period was between 500,000 and 700,000.

The editors provide the most comprehensive and up-to-date survey available of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The gargantuan nature of this task can be appreciated if it is recalled that there are more than 10,000 publications in this field of study. Geza Vermes arranged the data in a concise, detailed and at the same time highly readable manner, and provides also excellent bibliographical lists.

The fourth and last volume (III, 2) will soon follow. With the completion of this project, the world of scholarship will possess an indispensable tool for the study of this period, which is the heyday of Judaism. □

Magen Broshi is curator of the Dead Sea Scrolls at the Shrine of the Book in the Israel Museum, Jerusalem.

هكذا من الأصل

Where on earth did P.G. Wodehouse find Bertie Wooster, Jeeves, Psmith or forbidding females such as Honoria Glossop? Behind his rich language and marvellous precise imagery, says Lt. Col. Norman Murphy, who for some years has been following clues in Somerset House, the British Museum and county directories, there is a background of real people and real places. "In Search of Blandings" (Secker & Warburg, £12.95) is a fascinating study in literary detection culminating in the identification of the characters who populated his "musical comedy without music." Bertie Wooster was a composite of Lord Mildmay, George Grossmith and the Cazalet brothers; Jeeves was modelled on J.M. Barrie's butler; Psmith was based on Rupert D'Oyly Carte; and that intimidating female intellectual Honoria Glossop was, I regret to say, inspired by The Master's cousin, Helen Marion Wodehouse, a philosopher who became Mistress of Girton. A.B.

Yorkshire mafiosi

MAKERS AND BREAKERS OF CHICAGO: From Long John Wentworth to Richard J. Daley by Jay Robert Nash. Chicago, Academy Chicago Press. 265 pp. $8.95.
WHERE HAVE ALL THE BULLETS GONE? by Spike Milligan. London, M & J Hobbs with Michael Joseph. 261 pp. £9.95.
QUOTE...UNQUOTE 3 by Nigel Rees. London, Unwin Paperbacks. 142 pp. £1.75.

Ralph Amelan

CHICAGO HAS always had a special reputation. Other cities may be able to boast of ancient buildings, spacious parks, an atmosphere of culture and civilization. Nobody, at least nobody in his right mind, could ever accuse Chicago of such things. The local football team, the Bears, may have provided some distraction by winning the Superbowl this year. But Chicago means crime.

It did so from its early days. Capone was a latecomer on the scene, and drew on a rich tradition of municipal misdeeds. The first crime king to make Chicago notorious held sway in the mid-nineteenth century, and set up a powerful underworld, literally.

The early Chicago had been built on boggy ground by the shores of Lake Michigan. Conditions became so bad that it was decided to raise the place off the mud and create a new stone surface. As a result, an underground warren of passages and caverns came into being, tailor-made for nefarious goings-on.

Villains were not slow to spot the potential of their new underworld. But bearing in mind the subsequent history of organized crime, it is noteworthy that the recognized boss of bosses in America's first city of crime was not Italian, Irish or Jewish. Roger Plant, just over five feet tall and married to a 250 pound plus whore, was an immigrant from Yorkshire.

The mental picture this summons is of a Donald McGill seaside postcard of a weedy, ineffectual husband alongside his corpulent, rosy-cheeked wife. Plant, however, was anything but ineffectual. With knives, firearms and a bludgeon constantly about his person, he was perpetually armed to the teeth, and even armed with the teeth: he was notorious for biting. He controlled an above-ground "emporium" of gaming-rooms, bars and brothels that stretched for half a block, as well as his underground empire which contained more of the same.

Had Plant been able to establish a dynasty, the face of organized crime in the United States would have been vastly different. The main "families" would have borne such names as Higginbottom and Braithwaite. Fierce battles would have been fought for control of the Yorkshire pudding take-away parlours. Sociologists would have churned out learned treatises on the connection between crime patterns and the cultural milieu of Bradford.

But it was not to be. Others came forward to fill Plant's steel-tipped boots. Big Jim Colosimo built up his operation on the takings of whorehouses, union scams, and the white slave trade. Helping him stay on top were such incongruously-named killers as Chicken Harry Gullett and Roxy Vanilla. It took the personal attentions of a certain Al Capone literally to stop him dead in his tracks in 1920.

AT LEAST, Chicago went in for villainy with style. An outstanding example of this was the saga of the Everleigh Club, a brothel run for the benefit of the discerning gentleman by two sisters from Kentucky. The whores were encouraged to improve their manners and broaden their minds in order that the patrons might receive more than the usual amenities of such an establishment. In fairness, the Everleigh sisters seemed to have been unusually solicitous of the girls' welfare.

But the gentlemen were scarcely ignored. The club boasted the sort of decor that would put most palaces to shame. One piano was sheathed in gold leaf, and expensive furniture and fittings were the rule. Prices were high: the average take was $3,000 a night. But in return for the money, guests could enjoy fine cuisine, dancing to the strains of three orchestras, and the company of polite, well-read prostitutes.

The suspicious death of a client, the son of a railroad magnate, after a visit to the club, forced the sisters to sell up: the scandal had become too great. But it is noteworthy that from 1900 to 1911, the period when the club was maintained, no police raid ever took place. The sisters walked away millionaires, and lived to ripe old ages. Many of the girls also did well for themselves.

The reason for their immunity is obvious: City Hall had received its cut. Local government in the Windy City has more often than not been a willing participant in illicit fun and games. But occasionally reformers moved in to try their luck.

One of the most successful was one of the earliest: Long John Wentworth, the mayor who ruled the roost in the mid-nineteenth century. He had a short way with the crooks. One district of Chicago, the Sands, was generally recognized as a haunt of thieves and pimps. The mayor lured most of the men away from the quarter one day, then invaded the place at the head of a posse and burned it down. Wentworth put himself at the head of many police raids on gambling dens, and helped physically to throw the miscreants in jail. On one occasion, he even incarcerated one of the gamblers' lawyers, an action that doubtless lost him no popularity whatever. Gifted with an explosive Kollek-like temper, he was a law unto himself, but at least, during his tenure, Chicago knew law. In a town where circulation wars between newspapers were likely to erupt in real fighting, and where hand grenades were used to help make up the voters' minds come election time, Wentworth's achievement should not be belittled.

Sportsmen, journalists, writers, millionaires: they crowd the pages of this book with all the exuberance that they displayed in their Chicago habitat. The author has marshalled his material well, and I sense that he could have written a book three times the length of this without boring the reader. He should be encouraged to do so.

SPIKE MILLIGAN, fortunately, needs no such encouragement. *Where Have All The Bullets Gone?* is the fifth volume of his war memoirs. It starts in early 1944 with Milligan moping in a camp for "loonies" near Naples: he is listed as suffering from shell-shock and unfit for combat. However, he finds his niche as a band musician and writer of revues in an army entertainment unit, and by mid-1946 is well-established in the field that was to win him renown.

Many clowns have a strong streak of melancholy just below the surface. Their humour is an effort to stave off the sadness that would otherwise engulf them. With Milligan, the battle is fought more openly than with most other writers. This book mixes high comedy with moments of despair, and throughout there is the realization that the war is cruel, and also the indirect cause of happy memories and comradeship seemingly unattainable in peace time.

Still, as in the earlier books, hilarity wins out. The result is warmly recommended, though those of a delicate disposition about to go into the Reserves might prefer to postpone their pleasure until their discharge.

EVEN DELICATE dispositions need have no fear about dipping into *Quote...Unquote 3*. The latest in a series of book spin-offs from the popular BBC radio quiz programme, it contains many quips of the wish-I-said-it-first variety. One gem of a retort should be memorized by any man of, er, ample proportions who is taken to task for his figure. Nancy Astor tried to chastise Lord Castlerosse with the remark, "What would you say if that was on a woman?"

"Half an hour ago it was," said the noble peer.

However, a greater sense of discretion should be used in cribbing the remark made by Sir Maurice Bowra when asked, at a wedding, what he thought of the bride and groom. "Splendid couple," came the reply, "slept with both of them."

It helps to be an Oxford don if you want to get away with a remark like that. Still, the style of humour known as English Dry is more exportable. When television personality Gilbert Harding travelled to the United States, he was confronted with the following question on an immigration form:

"Is it your intention to overthrow the Government of the United States by force?"

"Sole purpose of visit."

They let him in. □

One head or two

THE FLAMINGO'S SMILE: Reflections on Natural History by Stephen Jay Gould. New York and London, W.W. Norton. 476 pp. No price stated.

D'vora Ben Shaul

THE LATE Prof. Saul Adler used to say that if you "can't explain what you are doing to the lady who washes up in the lab then you're obviously confused about exactly what you are doing." By this standard, Stephen Jay Gould is one of the least confused scientists on the scene.

Gould, who has presented his readers with such past joys as *Ever Since Darwin, Ben's Teeth and Horse's Toes* and *The Panda's Thumb*, has become to the field of natural history what Carl Sagan is to astronomy. In terse, clear language that offers no compromises where concepts are concerned, Gould is witty, joyous and curious but he never condescends or uses the semi-scientific "twee language" to which so many scientists who write for the lay reader are addicted.

This series of essays, first published in *Natural History Magazine*, ranges from a discussion of animals that feed in an upside down position, like the flamingo whose *upper*, not lower, jaw is hinged, to animals which live in colonies but are considered to be one creature, like the Portuguese man-of-war. About the latter, Gould says: "You've been taught that a Portuguese man-of-war is a jellyfish, but it ain't!" and when a student reported losing a game of Trivial Pursuit because the little blue card defines the creature as a jellyfish, Gould retorts, "If it's written there it must be so, but it still ain't!"

But seriously, are such creatures, along with other siphonophores, really one individual or a multiplicity? And what about Siamese twins – are they one person or two? Does having only one head make them/it one while two heads with one body make it/them two? Or is it how many hearts? Gould explores the complexities of living in connection in two engrossing essays.

BEFORE he gets down to the 100th essay of his career to date, Gould takes a long, cool look at Nature vs. Nurture and the ongoing battle that surrounds this very controversial subject.

Hitler, he says, needed no originality in formulating the infamous Nuremberg Laws. They're all there in the statutes of more than 30 states in the U.S. Admittedly only California and Virginia, and occasionally Indiana, actually enforced the laws permitting forced sterilization of "socially undesirables," including what the law termed imbeciles, the feeble-minded, degenerates, criminals, alcoholics, drug addicts and in some cases even the deaf and the blind. Nonetheless, Gould points out that between 1900 and 1935, more than 20,000 forced "eugenic" sterilizations had been carried out in the U.S., more than half of them in California. The eugenicists reached their highest point in 1927 when the U.S. Supreme Court, by a vote of 8-1, upheld the constitutionality of Virginia's sterilization laws.

The celebrated jurist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, wrote the majority opinion in which he concurred, basing the right of the state to perform forced sterilization on "undesirable" elements on the contention that "if a state may call upon its best citizens requesting that they offer their lives, then it is certain that it may call upon these lesser elements that sap the strength of the society for this lesser sacrifice."

On his 1985 visit to Israel, Gould was astounded by the persistence of the religious members of the audience who hounded him before, during and after lectures with offers to convince him of creationist theories if he would only give them some time. Gould told me at the time that in no place in the world, not even in the fundamentalist Bible belt of the U.S., had these believers been so adamant and so persistent. "Don't you understand," I asked him, "if you were a gentile they wouldn't care, but a good Jewish boy saying things like that? Really!" Gould admitted that this was the one aspect of the issue he had not taken into account.

In these 30 essays, Gould ranges far and wide, from man's distant and probable past to his speculatively possible future. The essays are thoughtful and, in a sense, deeper than those presented in his previous writings but this is not surprising.

It is no secret in the scientific community that Gould has, for several years been what he calls "a member of that large, involuntary club – those suffering from cancer." He mentions in his preface that many of these essays were written during the long nights when, deprived of his usual mobility, (he was accustomed to dash from museum to museum), he sat in his study with his books and mulled over these issues. He is proud of the fact that now, his illness apparently arrested, he never missed a deadline during those trying years.

Not every reader will like all of Gould's essays and his pugnaciously-held opinions, but for most readers there will be at least one of the 30 that will thrill and delight.

To paraphrase Gould's own language, you may have thought that natural historians were dull people with one track minds, *but they ain't*. □

هكذا من الأصل

Firm opposition

(Unipex)

HA-VATIKAN, ERETZ HA-KODESH VEHA-TZIYYONUT (The Vatican, the Holy Land and Zionism) by Sergio Itzhak Minerbi. Jerusalem, Yad Ben-Zvi Institute. 256 pp. No price stated.

Geoffrey Wigoder

TO THIS day, the attitude of the Vatican to the State of Israel remains problematic. Positive developments (e.g., visits to the pope by Israel's political leaders, relationships with Israeli diplomats) have been based on pragmatic considerations, while the progress in relations with the Jewish people in general has only slowly and grudgingly been accompanied by the recognition of the role played by the Jewish homeland in Jewish self-definition (a role acknowledged by the pope in his statement of Easter 1984, and in an official Vatican document of 1985). The extent of the still-existing gap was apparent in the omission of any reference whatever to the State of Israel in the pope's Rome synagogue speech, which otherwise tried to touch base on all outstanding issues.

Down the centuries, theological anti-Zionism has been the corollary of the teaching of Jewish accursedness for the Jews' rejection of Jesus. (Exile was their punishment.) But once the Vatican Council's 1965 declaration removed that accusation, the theological underpinning for the objection to the Jews' return to their land should have disappeared.

Indeed, in certain Catholic circles, there has been a definite thaw in attitudes towards Israel over the past two decades. Continuing tensions are largely politically motivated, although there is an inevitable residue of theological opposition which can hardly be expected to disappear overnight after so many centuries of indoctrination (some Jews maintain it is so ingrained that its complete elimination is impossible).

THIS NEW study provides an invaluable background and perspective to Vatican attitudes. Although it covers only the early period of political Zionism, up to 1925, it clearly conveys the mentality which predominated until not so long ago. Its author is a scholar specializing in diplomatic history, and himself a diplomat (former Israel ambassador to Belgium). He is of Italian origin, and so admirably qualified to write on this subject. During the period analysed, the Vatican was declaredly anti-Zionist for both theological and political reasons. The tone was set by Pius X in his 1904 meeting with Theodor Herzl; he said "The Jews have not recognized our Lord so we cannot recognize the Jewish people... if you come to Palestine and settle your people there, we shall have churches and priests ready to baptize all of you" – (according to Herzl's account).

The events of World War I and its aftermath seemed to the Vatican the opportunity to reestablish a measure of influence in the Holy Land which had been unattainable during the long centuries of Moslem rule.

Its hopes had been raised already in 1915 when the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, envisaged a post-war neutral Palestine supervised by the European powers, the U.S. and the Vatican. The Vatican was further encouraged by the Sykes-Picot agreement of the following year, which advocated the internationalization of central Palestine. It was bitterly disappointed when effective government fell into the hands of the Protestant British, who were committed, moreover, to a Jewish National Home. The Vatican worked consistently to have the Mandate granted to a Catholic power or, failing that, for an arrangement whereby the Holy Places would be placed under Catholic control. The French worked with the Vatican for Catholic Belgium to be entrusted with the Mandate, with France the main influence. Inter-power rivalry in the Middle East overshadowed the whole scene. The French and Italians believed they could use their Catholicism to advance their national interests.

THE VATICAN consistently opposed any special privileges being granted to Jews in the Holy Land. Zionist immigration, they felt, would end the Christian character of the country; it was not religious – even anti-religious (*halutzim* were usually characterized as Bolsheviks); the prospect of a Jewish government was unbearable; while Jews were seen as introducing modernization, which endangered the ethics and morality of the inhabitants. Anti-Semitic motifs were also heard, and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, widely disseminated at this time, also had their effect.

One aspect considered in this study is the relative impact on the Vatican's Palestinian policy of the Holy See, on the one hand, and the Church in Palestine – especially the Latin Patriarch – on the other. The Patriarch, Monsignor Barlassina, was an intransigent opponent of Zionism, travelling to Europe to stir up the Catholic world against the Jewish settlement in Palestine. He remained in his position throughout the entire period of the Mandate, and, while his extremism evoked criticism even in Catholic circles, it made its impact on official policy.

The Holy Places provided a constant source of friction. Already in 1915, the various possible solutions (internationalization, extraterritorialism, international supervisory committee) had been proposed – indeed, as early as 1895 Herzl, in his *Judenstaat*, had advocated extraterritorialism. The Vatican, it emerged, had a highly elastic concept of the Holy Sites. To the Jews and Protestants, they consisted of a limited number of buildings with their grounds, long defined in the "Status Quo." To the Vatican, the Holy Sites covered extensive areas – Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberias, Jericho – even Mount Carmel in memory of the Virgin Mary (the Catholics complained that the programme for a cable car up Mount Carmel offended their susceptibilities, and a promenade on the walls of Jerusalem would interfere with private ownership).

The Vatican wanted to keep the Holy Land as a museum and objected, for example, to using the Sea of Galilee for purposes of pleasure. When Sir Ronald Storrs, governor of Jerusalem, visited the pope in 1921, the latter (following the brief he had received from the Latin Patriarch) protested British policy which had introduced cinemas and 500 prostitutes into Jerusalem (Storrs replied that the city had had cinemas even before the British had arrived, while the British had in fact eliminated the vast throng of prostitutes they had found in Jerusalem).

To this day, Vatican claims on Holy Sites remain unclearly defined; its 1948-9 attempt to have Jerusalem internationalized, and its current policy of "international guarantees" for Jerusalem, both reflect an interest broader than the actual sites. Minerbi suggests that the source of the deepening misunderstanding between the Zionists and the pope in the period under consideration was that the Zionists saw the Holy Sites as a religious problem whereas for the Vatican it was a political issue.

MINERBI FEELS that much of the Zionist leadership was over-sanguine concerning the Vatican's attitude to Zionism (he exempts Weizmann who rejected "platonic expressions of sympathy" and referred to "our enemies – especially the Vatican and the religious Jews"). Nahum Sokolow is singled out in particular for having misread the signals at his 1917 meeting with Pope Benedict XV.

Far more to the point than the pope's diplomatic words on that occasion were his hostile speeches of 1919 and 1921, despite which the Zionist press still wrote words of praise and appreciation for him on his death. The many documents cited by Minerbi from a variety of sources leave no doubt as to the firm opposition of the Vatican to the Zionist enterprise, and its unceasing maneuvering at many levels to prevent its realization. At the same time, other voices were heard in the Catholic world outside the Vatican. The Cardinal of Venice, for example, delivered a strong pro-Zionist sermon in St. Mark's Cathedral on Easter, 1922.

In the end, the Vatican was frustrated on all counts. Already in 1915, one of the conditions demanded by the Italian government for entering the war was that the Vatican be not invited to the Peace Conference! The League of Nations entrusted the Mandate to the Protestant British, and all the Vatican's behind-the-scenes diplomacy proved fruitless. The Jewish stake in the Holy Land grew; and it was they who were to take it over from the British. The attempts to establish a commission to oversee the Holy Places – here described in great detail – came to naught. Their well-being remained in the hands of the British. They were then divided between Israeli Jews and Moslem Jordanians, before – in 1967 – passing entirely under the control of the State of Israel, a country with which the Vatican still has no formal diplomatic relations. □

Art of preaching

AKEDATH YITZCHAK (Yitzchak Arama's Commentary on the Tora), translated and condensed by Eliyah Munk. Jerusalem. Rubin Mass. 2 volumes, 1,000 pp. NIS37.50.

Alexander Carlebach

HOMILETICS, the art of preaching, is an important branch of Jewish thought and literature, from the Bible (Deuteronomy, the Prophets and Koheleth) through the Midrash to the present day. It is essentially an oral art, though preachers – good, bad or middling – rarely hesitated to print sermons, and usually found an audience.

Their subject matter was prescribed: the weekly portion, the *Sidra*, and occasionally the *haphtara*. Their Sabbath (or festival) sermons were usually given, often at inordinate length, in the afternoon. It was the principal cultural event of the week.

In modern times, the sermon in the vernacular became an issue for Reform and its opponents, though it did not take long before even the most Orthodox in Central and Western Europe adopted it for the synagogue.

One of the great preachers of the late medieval period was Isaac ben Moses Arama (1420-94), who was a rabbi and preacher for several Spanish communities. He was a witness of the 1492 expulsion, and died in Naples two years later. His principal work is the *Akedath Yitzchak*, a collection of sermons built around the annual cycle of weekly Tora readings. Arama's long and intricate expositions deal with a vast array of exegetical and religio-philosophical questions.

What a highly educated and knowledgeable audience Arama must have had, or assumed he had! His sermons reflect the vast erudition, Jewish and general, of their author, and mirror also the religious and intellectual climate of contemporary Spanish Jewry.

Just as today, there was a conflict between traditional Jewish religion – its dogmas and precepts on the one hand – and contemporary culture shaped by reason, philosophy and science.

The debate had crystallized in pro- or anti-Maimonidian positions. Arama, a strong believer, opposed the rationalists, and used his considerable powers as a preacher and writer, and his encyclopedic knowledge, to defend revealed religion from the onslaught of contemporary thought and attitudes.

The *Akedath Yitzchak* was an instant success, and reprinted many times. Such powerful Bible commentators and preachers as Isaac Abravanel (who was a younger contemporary), and Moses Alshekh (1507 – *ca.* 1600), used and quoted Arama extensively. In our own time, Professor Nechamah Leibovitz, in her superb *Iyunim* (Chumash Studies), has used him often.

Eliyahu Munk has accomplished the daunting task of translating it into English, at the same time condensing it, and adding a useful index of subject matter, which reveals the amazing range of topics Arama treated. □

Wholesome

SOULED by Hanoch Teller. New York, New York Publishing Company. 370 pp. No price stated.

Leah Abramowitz

HANOCH TELLER has written three books in three years. They are divided into chapters, each of them containing three stories. Their form testifies to a disciplined imagination. But Hanoch Teller's stories have not been written to entertain or impress. He writes in his preface: "Stories are related for the purpose of inspiring, motivating and teaching with a clarity and effect that cannot be achieved through other pedagogic techniques."

"Some say a story is the best way to induce sleep. I say a story is the best way to rouse a sleeping soul." And so he has his men of faith, altruism, piety and learning grappling with adversaries, real or imagined. They undergo intellectual tests and religious conflicts or doubt. Naomi, who is desperately ill, risks an exploratory operation. Two brothers, each of them sure the other has not survived the Holocaust, are reunited by a taxi driver who remembers the tattooed number on the arm of one of them. The Bostoner *Rebbe's* hospitality is accepted on *Erev Succot* by a ship of concentration camp refugees, and the *Rebbetzin* and their congregation rise to the challenge.

Some stories are true, some could be true, for instance the third episode in "Three on Serendipity," which is about a *Yiddishe momma* stereotype with a knack for inserting herself in the action.

Most of these stories are characterized by the Jewish admiration for ingenuity and charity. A bride rejects her *hatan* because he is ugly, but the imaginative young rabbi's son wins her over with a clever strategy. A chief rabbi almost loses a public *gemarra* test. The Jewish community of Aleppo is almost entrapped but saved by the sharp eye of an 80-year-old Yemenite.

Teller divides his book into two parts: one for adults, one for the entire family. It makes for wholesome reading. □

هكذا من الأصل

Too well informed

AFTER MIDNIGHT by Irmgard Keun. London, Gollancz. 152 pp. £8.85.

A FINE EXCESS by Jane Elison. London, Secker and Warburg. 183 pp. £8.95.

HOUSEHOLD GHOSTS by James Kennaway. London, Penguin. 187 pp. £2.95.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION by David Wheldon. London, Black Swan. 175 pp. £2.50.

Frances Gertler

IRMGARD KEUN'S book is a portrayal of the impact of Nazism on the German nation, seen through the eyes of 19-year-old Susanne as she observes its effects on those around her. The book's strength lies in its examination of the motivation and self-deception employed by those who supported the ideology of the Third Reich, and the responses of those powerless to oppose it.

The novel is mostly set in Frankfurt's bars and cafés, whose variety of patrons enables the author to examine the various individuals and to set them against the larger scale of a nation. What most comes across is the atmosphere of fear and uncertainty as people gathered together for companionship share not only their tension but also the underlying suspicion that the person sharing their table, today, may inform on them tomorrow.

Jews were not even safe from those fellow Jews who denied their faith, most often through fear or greed. For instance there was "Old Aaron" – "he says he's not a Jew, he's a non-Aryan...Old Aaron thinks the Nazis have put the German mentality in order and saved him from the Communists who would have taken away all he has."

Only the journalist and cynic Heini retains his political integrity. Caught between his refusal to compromise himself, and his inability to escape, he is rendered an impotent and embittered commentator. "We are living in the time of the greatest German denunciation movement ever, you see. Everyone's got power over everyone else. Everyone can get everyone else locked up. There aren't many who can withstand the temptation to make use of that kind of power. The noblest instincts of the German nation have been aroused and they're being tenderly cultivated."

Susanne is no less a victim of the frenzied rush to inform. Her Aunt Adelheid is a fervent supporter of the Third Reich, which has given her the opportunity to devote herself to a cause and gain some small amount of power at the same time through the National Socialists' Women's Club. Zealous for recognition, and jealous of her honest and courageous niece, Aunt Adelheid informs on her to the Gestapo. When she is called in to headquarters for questioning, Susanne observes: "This Gestapo room seems to be a positive place of pilgrimage. Mothers are informing on their daughters-in-law... drinking companions on their drinking companions, neighbours on their neighbours."

THIS PORTRAIT of a nation at once destroyed and destructive, while by no means original, is convincing and powerful. However, as a novel something is perhaps lacking. Susanne is a witty and charming narrator with a vivid imagination and youthful honesty, but I feel that Keun places her in unsuitable situations merely to have her there as observer and commentator.

Nevertheless, a moving and powerful atmosphere combined with wit and sympathy compensate for a shaky plot. Susanne's prayer, which closes the book, is a startling affirmation of how bare and frightening life can be and had become. "We'll sleep now. We shall need strength when we wake up. There are still stars shining behind the misty clouds. Please God, let there be a little sunlight tomorrow."

IN HER first novel, *A Fine Excess*, Jane Elison attempts to emulate such novelists as Bradbury and Lodge in their exploration of academic life. However, her novel is not as witty or as penetrating.

It opens with the judging of a poetry competition sponsored by a tobacco company, Coote and Balding (the first indication that smoking can damage hair growth), and is the occasion for a reunion of three poets who never miss the opportunity to put each other down both personally and professionally. This scene sets the tone for the rest of the book. The plot centres around the events leading up to the prize-giving ceremony, and exposes the backbiting and competitiveness of the literary world. It is an unpleasant world, in which a woman can accept the sexual advances of a figure who can (but doesn't) introduce her to the right people, and who is betraying his wife, who is herself having an affair, and so on.

Jane Elison's attitude to some of her potentially sympathetic characters is less clear. For Eddie Rosemary, winning the competition is the achievement of a lifetime, and the fulfilment of the one dream which has helped him survive his hitherto unfortunate life. Elison takes pains to establish him as a sober and sensitive character, then suddenly presents him as a comic person. On hearing of his good fortune, Eddie "ran out of the kitchen. He ran upstairs then down again and round the sitting room. He jumped towards the ceiling, touching it with the outstretched tips of his fingers. He lay on the floor and drummed his heels on the carpet. He waved his arms and danced wildly on the spot. The silent house stood amazed." As well it might.

The book's other main character, Violet Glasspool, is initially sympathetic also. She has achieved professional recognition but is shattered by the breakdown of two marriages. Her first ex-husband, Bysouth, a poet, attempts a reconciliation, hoping to exploit Violet in her capacity as judge in future competitions, but her readiness to succumb both to Bysouth and to drink is pathetic rather than moving.

Meanwhile, Eddie Rosemary renders himself still more ridiculous by fluffing the lines of the speech he had so painstakingly memorized for the award ceremony, and loses himself in his subsequent panic in the vaults of the building where the ceremony is being held.

Altogether the situations are somewhat contrived. The characters continually and conveniently bump into each other, and interfere in one another's lives. This is a pity, for Elison can be witty, as in the following passage, where she quickly deflates the heady world of one of the competition's organizers: "Waking suddenly at three, Bacon saw by his side the slackened shape of his wife Doreen, and he was reassured by her bulk, a territory forbidden to poetry and song."

BOTH *Household Ghosts* and *The Course of Instruction* are novels about reality and normality, and how people interpret and relate to the world as they see it.

In *Household Ghosts*, a novel set in Scotland in the 1950s, Mary, tired of humdrum reality, seeks escape, at first by inventing stories to fill the gaps in her life and her past, and finally by embarking on an unsuccessful love affair, which teaches her the harsher truths of reality, and sends her rushing back to the security of her husband – with tragic consequences.

The book gets off to a somewhat slow and puzzling start with rather too many veiled allusions and too few facts, but gains in interest as the tension slowly mounts and the reader is allowed a greater insight into the characters' personalities. The pace is rather slow throughout, and an overall lack of sense of place does not advance the narrative despite a few well-captured individual scenes.

It is the character of Pink, Mary's brother, who saves the book. Feeling the oncoming tragedy but unable to prevent it, he at first ignores reality by turning it into a game, speaking to his sister in the nursery language of their childhood. "His language was more important to him than might have been imagined. Pink's way was to humanize things by referring to them as well-known friends, to reduce their proportion. If somebody went raving mad Pink would say 'Bit of the old basket-work' and faced with a homicidal maniac he might well manage 'Bit of the old butcher's itch?'."

Altogether this is a mixed book, with good characterization marred by some entirely incredible figures, and a dialogue which is capable of pathos but does not always convince.

DAVID WHELDON'S book concerns not an escape from, but a search for, reality. Alexander, the novel's main character, is summoned to an unspecified course of instruction which leads him into a world where his sense of reality, and the value judgments he has hitherto lived by, are called into question in a disturbing and terrifying way. Initially unable to discover any concrete details about the course, Alexander slowly realizes he is already undergoing a learning process which will last a lifetime.

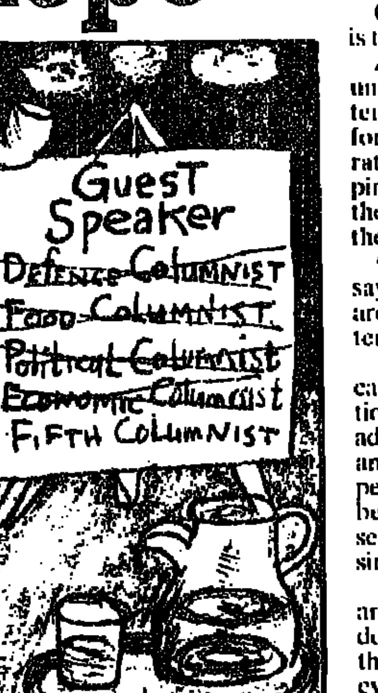
Wheldon makes brilliant comic use of the situations arising from Alexander's interpretation of this new Kafkaesque world, whilst at the same time also capturing his sense of fear and bewilderment. In this world "they use the same language to describe different things, different experiences, different beliefs and ambitions. That's why it's easy to misunderstand them."

The setting of a large country house full of "servants" with unspecified functions, who charge a gratuity for even the tiniest service, contributes to the sense of strangeness in familiarity; and the juxtaposition of normality and abnormality is finely balanced and brilliantly sustained throughout, the reader sharing Alexander's perplexity with each new predicament.

Alexander is an entirely credible character; at times self-assured, he turns his wit and sarcasm on the unresponsive and wooden servants; but at others his lack of confidence reduces him to subservience and dependence. Nor can the reader remain a detached observer – he too is implicated in the learning process and must decide with Alexander where indeed the truth lies.

Well-written and carefully-planned, this is a masterpiece of suspense and superior entertainment. □

Inside dope



THE FIFTH COLUMN

Matt Nesvisky

BECAUSE ALL important editorial staff members were otherwise engaged, a certain immigrants association invited the Fifth Columnist to be its guest speaker at a forthcoming meeting in Tel Aviv.

Unfortunately, circumstances also forced the FC to decline the invitation (no bus fare, suit in the pawn shop, etc.). Which was regrettable, both because he strongly supports the good work of the organization and because he already had his speech prepared (it's his bar mitzva address cunningly adapted to fit any occasion).

The FC's standard public-address routine is to read his 10-minute peroration from its creased and soiled pages and then to field questions from the audience. Prudence prevents publication of the lecture; after all, other invitations may come along some day. But there's no reason why readers should be denied the intellectual stimulation of a typical question-and-answer period:

Q. Mr. Column, your writing is so thin, I thought you would be, too. Have you always been that fat?

A. Yes. My doctor says it's because of glands, which I can't understand, as I never eat glands. Next question.

Q. I was wondering – what is the capital of Wyoming?

A. Cheyenne. Next question – the gentleman in the back.

Q. *The Jerusalem Post* always has the inside dope. What was Peres really after in Morocco?

A. You came to the right person, because when people ask for my paper's inside dope, our receptionist always directs them to me. In diplomatic jargon, Peres and King Hassan "engaged in a frank and cordial exchange of views." As we translate it, there was an opening for the premiership in Morocco starting in October. Hassan broke off the talks when he discovered that Peres is an Ashkenazi. Next.

Q. What do you think is the largest problem facing the new immigrant?

A. The old Israeli. Yes – the woman in the blue dress.

Q. I heard that glands joke years ago.

A. I saw your dress years ago, so we're even. Next.

Q. Why don't you follow your editor's advice and try to put some humour into your column?

A. Could you speak a little lower – they might hear you in the back. Yes, sir?

Q. Are you certain that Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming?

A. It was the last time I looked, unless they've sold it to Utah. Listen, fella, I'm a journalist. We write for the record. We're always accurate. Yes, the young lady with the pink hair and the gold – I'm sorry, the young man with the pink hair and the gold earring.

Q. Are you sure you are who you say you are? And if you are, why aren't you speaking with a Manchester accent?

A. In addition to being syntactically inelegant, you asked two questions, and I *hate* when people take advantage like that. In any case, in answer to your first existential impertinence, no, I have no way of being sure. In answer to your second, I lost it at the movies. Yes, sir, you with the funny earlocks.

Q. Let's get down to *tachlis*. Why are you always picking on the Orthodox? For example, you've repeated the canard that no yeshiva students ever serve in the army. I happen to know that many do.

A. In all honesty, I have never grumbled about yeshiva students not serving in the army. In fact, I fully support their exemption. I feel it is one of the glories of Israel that, at long last, young men may dedicate themselves to the Talmud without fear of conscription. Encouraging unhampered study of our heritage seems to me part and parcel of the *raison d'être* for Jewish independence. Thus I have no hesitation in publicly stating that I feel it a *mitzva* to devote a few days more each year in the army reserve so that others may be excused to pursue their studies. Besides, I don't think they should be trained to use weapons. Next question?

Q. I always thought Casper was the capital of Wyoming.

A. If that's a question, where's the interrogative lift at the end of your sentence? But never mind. Once and for all, Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming, which has an area of 97,914 square miles, making it the ninth largest of the 50 states. Wyoming's highest elevation is Gannett Peak at 13,785 feet, lowest point is at Belle Fourche River, which nevertheless is 3,100 feet above sea level. Chief agricultural products are beans, beef cattle, sheep, sugar beets, wheat and wool. Manufacturing: wood, glass and petroleum products. Mining: bentonite, clays, iron ore, natural gas, petroleum, sodium carbonate, sulphate, uranium. Became the 44th state of the union on July 10, 1890. State motto: "Equal Rights." State song: "Wyoming," words by Charles E. Winter, music by G.E. Knapp. Population, based on 1980 census –

Q. That's simply astounding! How do you know all that?

A. I've told you, I'm a journalist. It's our job to know. In addition, while I was in solitary, the screws allowed me my *World Almanac*. Next?

Q. I'd like to know if you think the economy will improve in 1987.

A. How the hell should I know? You're asking a guy who had to borrow bus money to get here. One last question.

Q. A technical question. I've always wondered how you newspaper columnists know just how much to write to fit the allotted space.

A. That's quite simple, really. First, we □

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